

A 144 06 a a 15
GOLDEN CHAIN

To Link the
Penitent Sinner

U N T O

G O D.

Whereunto is added,

A
T R E A T I S E

Of the Immortality of the

S O U L.

By J. TAYLOR, D. D.

Continue in Prayer, and watch to the same
with Thanksgiving, Col. 4. 2.

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THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER

Courteous Reader,

FAITH hath obtained amongst
the Graces; and no less hath
Prayer amongst the Duties of Re-
ligion and Godliness; and indeed these
two are so intimately twisted and firm-
ly concatenated, that they can admit no
separation; but like Hippocrates Tying,
simul oriuntur & moriuntur. Faith
naturally breaths out its self in Prayer,
and Prayer only ascends, when
when mounted on the wing of Faith.

To the Reader.

Prayer is the Key that opens and shuts Heaven, the Channel and Conduit of Divine Grace, the Bucket which draws Water out of the Well of Salvation. The aspiration of the Soul after God, yea, a Divine Colloquy with him, whereby fellowship is entertained with the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ: It's finally the Souls powerful and prevailing Oratory, with the importunity whereof the Almighty delights to be conquered; and it's spiritual Artillery whereby Omnipotency it self is willing to be overcome. The consideration of the excellency of which Duty (no Doubt) is that which hath ever devoted holy Persons to the Practice thereof; (Men of God have been Men of Prayer, Psalm 109. 4.) And as it hath made them conscientious in its performance themselves, so no less careful and solicitous to assist others Infirmities in the Gift, whose Hearts God hath been pleased by the favourable gales of his Grace, and the diviner Breathings of his Spirit,

To the Reader.

to carry full sail to Heaven. Our Saviour taught his Disciples (on their request) to pray. The Apostle gives (in his several Epistles) many Excellent Rules (as well as presses Exhortations) to Prayer: Many large Tracts have been written by devout and holy Men upon this Subject; to which nothing can be superadded by them that follow, only room is left for a contraction of their larger Volumes into more compendious Breviaries, occasionally to stir up our pure Minds by way of remembrance, and subminister matter of precious Meditation, whereby to excite and awaken our duller and sleepy Affections, and also help forward the exercise of all our Graces in so spiritual and profitable a Performance. And certainly, private Soliloquies and Ejaculations are the best Preparatives either to public or private Devotions; and that music in Prayer is ever most acceptable to God, wherein the Tongue (that Instrument of the Soul) is well strung and tuned by fervent

To the Reader.

ous Premeditation both of our Unworthiness, and of God's Mercy and Graciousness: The promoting of which observance, Christian Readers, is the sole Design of these following Devotions, wherein I have intermixed humble Confessions of Sin, and Deprecations of Judgment, with ardent Petitions and Thanksgivings for Mercy; so that as in a Christal-Glass you may behold the humble and penitent Sinner deeply mourning under the burden of his own Guilt and Vileness, and the desiring thirsty Saint affectionately panting after Divine Grace and Mercy. I have also endeavoured shortly and methodically to digest such a System of Divine Truths as more nearly concern God's Nature, Attributes and Promises, and relate to our Duty, as that it may serve for a Cornucopia, to furnish a Child of God with the meaning of the Spirit, and tip his Tongue with the Language of Canaan, when ever he goes to his Heavenly Father, *yea, and an holy Armo-*

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To the Reader.

ry, whence a Saint may fetch a spiritual
Weapon to wound Satan that grand
Adversary. And although the confin-
ment of my self to one continued series
of Words would have served (as to the
order and manner) a sufficient Direc-
tory to such as can take Words with
them; yet considering the Readers di-
versity, I chose to contrive it with some
Variety, that it might be a Crutch to
their Defects, who (Turtle like) breath-
ing forth unutterable Sighs and Groans
in their private Recesses and solitary
Retirements, sadly lament under the
want of suitable Expressions. For tho'
indeed Mental Prayer is no less accept-
able to God, who is moved not as an
Orator by his Hearer, but rather as a
Father by his Child, and can readily
pardon the Lisps of his Childrens Voice,
yet Vocal Musick, and sometimes an
Consort too, makes the more delightful
Harmony in the Ears of Angels; at
least more powerfully and effectually
charms Hell: And though Words serve
not

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To the Reader.

not to move God, (who knows our very Thoughts long before) yet they are very useful to affect us. For the sake of these litt'e ones especially, it is that I have composed these Devotionary Lines, to whose Necessity this supply may be both suitable and acceptable; and not so much for those stronger ones in God's Family, who art not only taught by the Spirit of Adoption to cry Abba Father, but also whose inward and spiritual feeling of their Wants, I know always ready to prompt their Verbal Petitions; and whom I confidently believe thoroughly furnish'd to every good Word and Work; save only on the account of further Excitations of them to a Duty, wherein the Flesh is weak, though the Spirit be willing. To which End, I have contriv'd it in the most plain and familiar Scripture Phrase, God being best understood by us when speaking, and best understanding us when we speak to him in the Dialect of his own Spirit; and Milk being fitter than strong

To the Reader.

strong Meat for new born Babes in Christ: Which Mite of my unworthy Endeavours, if thou pleasest to own by thy candid and favourable Acceptance, and as thy praying Hours to digest by thy serious perusal in any of the *Manna's* thereof, I shall account my Hours in its composition well spent, and not doubt but through the concurrant Influence of the Divine Benediction (without which all Human Helps will prove insignificant) it will serve (if not as help) at least a spur to thy Devotion, however a Glass, wherein to read thine own self; for as Face answers Face in the Water, so I persuade my self, the Experience of thy own Heart in thy private Commixions with God, and Addresses to him, will bear some good proportion to these Contemplations. Which Spirit of Prayer, that it may abide and abound in thee more and more, that thou may'st be always found Praying with all Prayer and Supplication in the Spirit, watching thereunto

To the Reader.

*with Perseverance and Supplication for
all Saints, is, and shall be the humble
Petition of thy continual Orator at the
Throne of Grace, who is,*

Thine intirely devoted
in all Christian Ob-
servances,

J. T.

14 JY 60

A

A View of VANITY.

WIT, Wisdom, Beauty, Honour,
Nature, Art,
Vertue and Valour each have play'd
a part
Upon the World's great Stage: The
Play is done,
Each Action censur'd, and a new
begun.
Wit play'd the Politician, Art the
King,
Wisdom the Judge, and Beauty well
could sing
The Syrens Song; for with a pleasing
Smile,
She play'd the Parasite, and did be-
guile.
Vertue array'd in everlasting green,
Descended from above, and play'd
the Queen.

Valour

A View of Vanity.

Valour was Honour's Servant, and
did fight

All doubtful Duels in his Master's
right.

Honour was born and bred in Ver-
tues School,

And play'd the Lord; and Nature
play'd the Fool.

Wits Wiles are lost, and Wisdoms
Laws repeal'd,

Beauty defac'd, Arts Ignorance reveal'd,
Honour defeated, Valour overthrown,

Nature derided, Vertues Merit known:
For only she beyond the other seven,

Hath left the Earth, to act her part in
Heaven.

14 JY 60

A

Golden Chain, &c.

L I N K I.

GLorious God, I beseech thee to have respect unto the Prayers and Tears of thy Servant.

My Sins (I must needs confess) are many, and black, and mine ignorance of them is thicker by far than the *Egyptian* Darknes; I feel their weight in the fierceness of thy Wrath, and the burden of them in the heaviness of my Soul.

O whither shall I fly for Refuge and Comfort? From thee I cannot go, and yet to thee I dare not come, because thou art so highly, and so justly offended; I am not worthy to receive

any Favour from thee, for I have forsaken thee my most gracious Lord.

My Soul is too foul to be called thine; too often hath she broken her Vows and Promises to hope for thy Love or thy gracious Pardon. But, blessed Saviour, what now shall I do? If yet I should fall into a despair of thy Mercies, I should increase my Disloyalty; and either deny or despise the Power of thy Passion.

So great was thy Love to the Church thy Spouse, that thou gavest thy self to sanctifie and cleanse it with the washing of Water, by the Word. My Soul, O Christ, is a Member of thy Spouse. Be pleased, O Jesus, so to sanctifie and wash her, that thou mayest present her to thy self without spot or wrinkle, both holy and blameless.

O thou who hast opened a Fountain to the House of David, and to the Inhabitants of Jerusalem, for Sin and for Uncleanness; do thou wash me thoroughly from mine Iniquity, and cleanse me from my Sin.

Suffer not either the Flesh, or the Devil, by their Suggestions to seduce me to Uncleaness. Though I am weak, though but an earthen Vessel; yet be thou pleased to make me a chosen Vessel, a Vessel of Mercy.

Cause me to keep the Vessel of my Body, and to possess it in Sanctification and Honour; and not in the Lust of Concupiscence, like the *Gentiles* which know thee not.

O be thou my Father in the Grace of Adoption; be thou my Brother in thy Pity and Compassion; be thou my Jesus in the Salvation of my sick and sinful Soul.

Arm me with constancy against all assaults of Carnal Imaginations. Give me Modesty in my Countenance, Decency in my Apparel, Civility in my Behaviour, Sobriety in my Discourse, and Contentedness in my Condition.

Give me a Heart that may be zealous for thine Honour; that may be tender of thy Displeasure; and that may shun both the inclination to

the desire of offending thee, my great Creator.

Hear me, O God, for thy Mercies are great. Hear me, O Christ, whose Side was pierced; whose Soul was sorrowful; and all to purchase new Hearts for all that are penitent Sinners. Hear me, O blessed Spirit, and assist me in my Petitions, with Sighs and Groans that cannot be expressed.

In thy Mercy, finish soon these Days of Sin, that by the Merits of him that was sorrowful in the Garden, all Tears may one Day be wiped from mine Eyes; all Sorrows expelled, and driven from my Heart; and my Soul may be received into the Quire of Saints; there to live and reign with thee World without end. *Amen.*

L I N K. II.

O Most mighty and glorious God, full of incomprehensible Power and Majesty, whose Glory the very Heaven

Heaven of Heavens is not able to contain, look down in Mercy on a distressed Sinner, who here prostrate my self at thy footstool; mine Eyes being charged with Tears, my Breast with Sighs, my Tongue with Complaints, my whole Body with Disquiet.

Alas! how am I oppressed? Into what Perplexities is my poor sorrow-beaten Soul plunged? How is it abandoned? How are all the powers thereof laid waste? The Understanding is darkned, the Will dazled, the Memory confounded, the Courage broken and beaten down; dread and amazement have dulled my Senses.

But above all, my Conscience is goared with the sting of Sin. I fear thy Fury, I tremble at thy extreme Displeasure. O let me feel thee as a loving Father, but not as an angry and inflexible Judge.

Rebuke me not, O Lord, with thy violent Voice; let not thy angry Arm beat heavily upon me; it will consume me as a flaming Furnace. It will

swallow me as a devouring Gulf; it will divide me as a Torrent into the headlong descent of eternal Death and Damnation.

What Courage can behold thy fierce bended Brow, and not be astonished, not struck down with Terror? O my God! I cannot fly from thee, but by flying unto thee. And therefore I fly from thee offended, to thee appeased; I fly from a just revenging Judge, to a merciful and indulgent Father, whose Goodness is infinite, whose Mercy is a Spring, a Stream, an Ocean that cannot be exhausted.

O sweetness of Desire! O safety of Souls! open to me thy distressed Supplicant; Let thy Favour receive me, running from thy Fury; Let thy Pity protect me against thy Severity; comfort my troubled Soul with one gentle cast of thy Countenance.

Return, O most merciful Father, for thy infinite Mercies sake, I beseech thee, return again to thy accustomed Clemency.

Turn

Turn to me the appeased Eyes of thy Mercy ; let me again behold thy gracious Countenance, which my Offences have caused thee to turn away.

Deliver my Soul from these Miseries ; O save me, for I lie quaking under the cruel gripes of Destruction ; save me, Lord, or of necessity I must perish, for my Offences have made so many mortal Wounds in my Soul, that I approach even near unto Death ; I languish under my imminent Danger.

But howsoever it is with me, I will never lay down my Hope ; I will never despair or distrust in thy Mercies.

I have always had so good trial of thy favourable Hearing, of thy liberal Relief, that in all my Temptations, in all the Anguishes of my Soul, I will rest upon thy Goodness and Grace, with assured Confidence, that thou wilt hear my Prayer ; If not so soon as I desire, yet at such time as shall be most expedient for me.

O my God, the unspeakable sweetness, make bitter unto me all carnal

Comfort, which may draw me away from the love of everlasting Happiness, and wickedly allure me to it self with the force of certain present Delight

How great are the Temptations and Snares whereunto I am subject? Whither shall this poor Soul go, which thou hast thrown into a Body so frail, in a World so corrupt, and amongst the Assaults of so many pernicious Enemies? Open, O Lord, thine Eyes for my guidance, and compassionate my Infirmities: Without thee I can do nothing, and in thee I can do all that I ought.

Give me, I beseech thee, a piercing Eye to see my Danger, and the Wings of an Eagle to fly from it, or the Heart of a Lion to fight valiantly, that I never be wanting in my Duty and Fidelity to thee.

Keep me for ever, O my Saviour, from the torments of Hell, and tyranny of the Devil; and when I am to depart this Life, send thy holy Angels to carry me, as they did the Soul of *Lazarus*, into thy Kingdom. Receive me, O Lord,

A Golden Chain.

into that most joyful Paradise, which thou didst promise unto the penitent Thief. Grant this, O Christ, for thine own Names sake; to whom as (as it is most due) I ascribe all Glory and Honour, Praise, and Dominion, both now and for ever. *Amen.*

L I N K I I I.

Merciful Lord, thou which art a Refuge in the time of Trouble, have Mercy upon me, for I am weak, and my Heart within me is desolate. A foul, a grievous Sinner I am, who have disobeyed thy Statutes, and broken all thy Commandments.

My Conscience checks me, and my Sins testify against me, and mine Adversary the Devil stings me. Drive from me my Confidence.

To thee I cry, to thee O Lord, with a panting Heart; with a lowly Soul, with an humble Spirit, O God, it is thy

hearken unto those that are in Distress.

The Causes of my Grief are the Offences I have committed, that a God so great should be incensed by a Worm, that a God so good should be dishonoured by a Miscreant. I have sinned, O I have sinned, and done amiss; and my Portion might be justly therefore in the Land of Darkness, there to be forever tormented with the Devil and his Angels.

But O thou who hast promised to heal all those that are broken in Heart, and to bind up their Wounds; be reconciled unto me in the Wounds of my Redeemer: I am feeble, and sore smitten; I roar by reason of the disquietness of my Heart. All my desire is before thee; and my groaning is not hid from thee.

Send me help from thy Sanctuary, and strengthen me out of Sion. O keep my Soul; and deliver me: Let me not be confounded, for I put my trust in thee. I speak Peace unto my Conscience in this Agony, in this sorrow.

A Golden Chain.

11

and deep sighing for my scarlet Sins.

To thee, and to thee alone I stretch forth my Hands; to thee my Soul gaspeth as a thirsty Land. Hear me, O Lord, and that soon, for my Spirit waxeth faint. Hide not thy Face from me, lest I be like those that go down to Destruction.

My Sins, O God, have dwelt in mine Eyes, but now I have made them drunk with my Tears. Thus let me ever weep; thus let me ever grieve. It is a joy to be thus sorrowful, it is a comfort to be thus distressed. O let me ever thus live in thy Favour. Let all my Grief be for offending thee, and all my Sorrow be for thy Displeasure.

Break thou my hard and stony Heart, with the knowledge of thy Sin, and my due consideration of thy heavy Wrath. O thou that cloathest the Heavens with blackness, and makest all flesh cloth their covering; in thee appear my Soul with the blackness of Sin, and the sackcloth of Mourning for my Offences.

Be gracious unto me in the tender bowels of thy wonted Compassion; and ease me of my Sins by the Suffrages of thy Son

Myself I abhor; my Works I disdain, for I know their unworthiness: On thee alone, O my Jesus, I wholly depend, and by thee alone, I hope for remission. Be thou my Jesus, be thou my Saviour.

Cure me by thy Wounds; heal me by thy Stripes; ease me by thy Torments; comfort me by thine Agony; refresh my fainting Soul by thy bloody Sweat; revive me by thy Death; and O Son of God, and Saviour of the World, present me to thy Father, in the Robe of thy Righteousness.

Make me to pass the time of my sojourning here in fear, redeeming the Time, because the Days are evil; and considering, that it is now high time for me to awake out of the sleep of Security.

Grant that as I have opportunity I may do good unto all; but chiefly to the the household of God.

The Night cometh when none can work: Lord do thou draw me, that I may follow after thee; that so I may run with Patience the race which is set before me, looking unto thee, my Jesus; the Author and Finisher of my Faith.

Make me to watch and attend thy coming, O Christ, with the wise Virgins, having Oil in my Lamp, that so when thou comest, I may be ready for thee.

Do thou so carry me through the Storms of this troublesome Life, that in the end I may arrive at the fair Haven of eternal Peace and Rest, through thine own Merits and Passion, O Jesus Christ, my Lord and only Saviour. *Amen.*

L I N K I V

O Eternal and most Gracious God, thou that livest and reignest forever, vouchsafe at this time, I beseech thee, to meet me with thy Blessings.

to assist me with thy Spirit that I may pour out my Heart before thee, as Water.

For I acknowledge, O Lord, that I have broken all thy most righteous Laws, not only through weakness, but often times thro' wilful Presumption.

I have been vain in my Thoughts, foolish in my Words, and sinful in all my Actions.

I have profaned thy Sabbaths, neglected thine Ordinances, omitted many of those Duties of Piety which thou requirest for thy Service, and committed many of those Vices, which thou (under the penalty of thy high Displeasure) hast forbidden: So that I have grieved thy Spirit, by whom thou hast sealed me to the day of Redemption.

I confess, O Lord, that I am sinful by Nature, and thou mightest have made the day of my Birth to have been the day of my Death, and the time of my final Condemnation and perpetual Separation from thy Glorious Presence.

Yet thou hast spared me, when I

exercised thy Patience and Long-suffering towards me, which should have led me to Repentance.

But, O vile wretch that I am; instead of working out my Salvation with fear and with trembling, I have laboured to work out my Damnation by sinning against thee.

And therefore if thou shouldst cut the Thread of my Life, and cast me in thy Fury into the bottomless Pit, what cause should I have to complain against thy Justice?

But, O righteous Judge, yet in Jesus Christ my most gracious Father, let me never feel this weight of thy Wrath: Give me unfeigned Repentance that I may mourn for my Transgressions here, that so I may not wail and wail, and gnash my Teeth against Sin hereafter.

This, or none, must be the time of my Sorrow; O mollify my Heart by the strength of thy Power. Forgive, O Lord, whatsoever I have done against thee. Pardon, O Father, whatsoever I have offended in.

Thou knowest my Infirmary, and the Necessity which I endure; with how many Sins I am oppressed, how often I am grieved, tempted, troubled and defiled.

Abate, O my God, the Temptations of Satan, and arm me with Strength to resist his Suggestions. Ravish my Soul with the love of thy self, that my Delight may be wholly in thy righteous Laws.

Give me an Understanding to know thee, an affectionate Devotion to seek thee, a Wisdom to find thee, a Conversation to please thee, a Perseverance boldly to wait on thee, and a Faith happily to embrace thee.

Give me instead of all the Comforts of the World, the most sweet Unction of thy Spirit; and in lieu of Carnal Love, pour into my Soul the Love of thy Name.

Suffer not Flesh and Blood to overcome me, O Lord. Let not the World, and the short Glory thereof, deceive me. Let not the Devil and his subtilties

Fraud supplant me: But give me Force to resist, Patience to suffer, and Constancy to persevere.

Let me never, for a little sensual, short and vanishing Delight, flowing from the three filthy puddles of the Lust of the Flesh, the Lust of the Eye, and the Pride of Life, drown both my Body and Soul in a boiling Sea of Fire and Brimstone, where I can see no Banks, nor feel no Bottom.

But grant that with an unshaken, invincible Resolution. I may oppose all sorts of Sin; all Motions, Enticements and Temptations thereunto.

O blessed is that Man that for thee, O Lord, forsaketh all Creatures, that violently resisteth Nature, and out of the fervour of Spirit crucifieth the Concupiscence of the Flesh, that with a clear Conscience he may offer sincere Prayers unto thee, and be worthy of the Company of Angelical Quires, all Earthly Things being excluded.

O everlasting Light surpassing all created Light, cast forth the Beams of

thy Brightness from above, and pierce the inward corners of my Heart: Purifie, rejoyce, clarifie and quicken my Spirit with all the Powers thereof, that I may cleave unto thee with excess of unspeakable Joy.

I desire familiarly to enjoy thee, but I cannot attain it. I would gladly fix my Heart to those things which are above, but Temporal Cares and unmortified Passions weigh me down.

My God, be not far from me; depart not in thy Wrath from thy sorrowful Servant. Succour me, O everlasting Truth, that no Vanity may move me. Come Heavenly Sweetness, and let all Impurity fly from thy Face.

Fortifie me, O Lord, with the spiritual Weapons of Warfare: Let them be mighty through thee, to the pulling down of strong Holds; casting down Imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth it self against the knowledge of thee, my God; and bringing into captivity every Thought to the Obedience of Christ.

O Eternal Spirit, do thou make me as a Stranger and Pilgrim, to abstain from Fleshly Lusts, which war against my Soul.

Cause me to walk honestly as in the Day; not in Rioting and Drunkenness, not in Chambering and Wantonness, not in Strife and Envy, but putting on thee, my Lord Jesus.

Give me Grace, I beseech thee, that I may constantly ply and improve all Opportunities, Occasions, Offers, every Moment, Ministry, Merer, Motions of the Spirit, Checks of Conscience, Corrections, Temptations, to store myself richly with Spiritual Strength against that last Encounter, and of highest Consequence, either for eternal Happiness, or unconceivable Honour.

Prepare me, O God, for the hour of my Change; and then bring me to Christ out of this Valley of Tears, to those Waters of Comfort, where I may triumphantly sing to the Honour of thy Name. Amen.

LINK V.

Omnipotent God! most manifest, and yet most secret and hid! O bountiful giver! and yet severe exacter! Have Mercy upon the meanest, and unworthiest of all thy Creatures. I acknowledge, O Lord, that by reason of my Sins, I am altogether unworthy to breath in the Air, or to tread on the face of the Earth.

For I have sinned against the Law and the Gospel, against the Light of Conscience and Knowledge, and against the good Motions of thy eternal Spirit. I have been overcome, I have yielded to the sway of my fottish Sensuality: I have disobeyed the Statutes, and rebelled against thee.

I have so lewdly wasted all the parts of my Life, and so notably ruined all the powers of my Soul, that I am no ways able either to recover the one, or to repair the other. O the Pride of my Heart, the Hypocrisie of my Life, my

carnal mindedness and affectedness! O my Blindness and Ignorance in the things of thee and thy Son, notwithstanding those great Means of Grace and Salvation thou hast afforded unto me. I am also exceeding guilty of the dreadful and condemning Sin of Unbelief. I am not able to reckon up the horrid Impieties I have committed against thee; for which thou mightest justly abhor me, and for ever cast me out of thy glorious Presence.

But O thou Eternal Goodness, tho' I be vile and sinful, yet thou art gracious and merciful. Be pleased to extend thy Bowels of Compassion towards me thy sorrowful Servant. Regard the silent Sobs which my feeble Soul sendeth forth, surprised with Fear: Regard the broken Voice, which my trembling Tongue addresseth unto thee.

Remember not against me my former Iniquities, neither charge me with the Sins of my Youth. But O let the Merits of thy Son, move thee to

to Mercy and Compassion : And as oft as his Wounds appear in thy sight, let the Woes of my Sins be hid from thy Presence : As oft as the redness of his Blood glisters in thine Eyes, O let the guiltiness of my Sin be blotted out of thy Book.

Let thy Mercy extend not only to pardon my Sins that are past, but to make me strong and able against Sins hereafter.. For what good will Pardon do me, if presently I return again to my Sin? What will it avail that I be washed and cleansed, if forthwith I plunge my self in the Mire.

Comfort me in my Sorrows, support me in my Miseries, guide my Feet in the way of Peace, provide for me in my Wants, and in all places, and at all times, be thou my Father, my Rock, and my strong Salvation.

Though the Troubles of my Heart be exceedingly enlarged, yet bring thou me out of all my Fears; in the midst of my Sorrows let thy Comforts, O God, refresh me. Lord make me

to dye unto Sin, and to live by thy Grace: that when I shall put off this Tabernacle of Flesh, I may meet thee, my Jesus, with joy and rejoycing.

Make strong my Soul against all Temptations, and defend me with the Buckler of thy Mercy against all the assaults of the Devil. Shew Mercy, O Lord, to thy wandring Sheep, which is subject to the rending Teeth of the ravening Wolf: Rid my Soul, O Christ, from the roaring Lion, and save me out of his Mouth.

Suffer me not, O Lord, to become the Sacrifice of Sin; but send down thy Spirit, that with his fiery Countenance he may put to flight the crooked Fiend of Hell.

O Eternal Goodness, be thou graciously pleased, I humbly beseech thee, to give me a true sense and feeling of all my Backslidings: Give me also a hearty remorse, contrition and sorrow for them all; together with a stedfast resolution of new Obedience.

Teach me so to number my Days,
that

that I may apply my Heart unto Wisdom. Create in me a clean Heart, O God, and renew a right Spirit within me. Let not thy Commandments depart from it all the days of my Life. Grant me thy Holy Spirit to guide and instruct me, that I may tread the old Serpent under my feet, and overcoming his heights, may again be restored to the joy of Salvation.

Have Mercy upon me, O Lord, raise me up out of the mire of Corruption, for the puddle thereof hath even choaked me up. I am burdeued with Sins, troubled with Temptations, intangled and oppressed with many evil Passions; and there is none to help me, none to deliver and save me, but thou, O Lord, my Saviour; to whom I commit myself, and all mine, that thou may'st keep me, and bring me to Life Everlasting.

In all Temptations, inward or outward, defend me with thy invincible Aid; especially when furiously they assail me, when tempestuously they break in upon me. Then, O Lord, stand

firmly by me, then cover me with thy mighty and all-powerful Arm.

Thou art my witness, O Lord, that nothing can comfort me, no Creature give me rest, but thee alone, whom I desire to behold everlastingly. O good Jesu, When shall I be freed from the miserable Bondage of Sin! that so I may stand to behold thee, and contemplate the Glory of thy Kingdom. O when will that blessed and desired Hour come, that I may be filled with thy Presence, and thou may'st be unto me all in all!

Help me, O Lord, that I may seriously consider with myself what a punishment of loss it will be to be banished from thy Face, whose Beauty cannot be expressed, the sight whereof the Angels insatiably desire to behold.

O noble Nature! O infinite Essence! O incomprehensible Majesty! How shall I know thee? For thou art a Light which cannot be approached. Thou art most high, and so must he be whosoever shall attain thee.

O Father of Light, enlighten my Eyes, that I may see and discern thee; enlarge my Heart, that I may know thee, love thee, and adore thee, as thou hast revealed thy self in thy Word. Set thine Eye of Favour upon me, O Lord, that by the gracious Influence thereof, I may be directed and strengthened in the way which will lead me to Life everlasting.

Draw out my Heart to thy self by the cords of thy Love, that thou may'st be all my Delight. Confirm me, O Christ, with the Grace of thy Spirit; that I may serve thee hereafter with more Zeal and Devotion. Help me in all the Passages of my Life to order my Conversation in all things aright, that in due time, I may see thy Salvation.

Thou, O Lord, art my Father, to whom belongeth Honour; thou art my Master, and requirest me to fear thee: Lord make me fear to offend thee, who art a Righteous Judge; and make me love and honour thee, who art a Gracious Father. For whom have I in Hea-

ven but thee? And there is none on Earth that I desire beside thee: Though my Heart panteth, and my Flesh faileth, yet thou art my Strength and my Portion for ever.

O let thy Servant rejoyce in thee, and not in himself, for thou art my Hope and my Crown, thou art my Joy and mine Honour. Thou art my Beloved, the choicest amongst Thousands, in whom my Soul hath taken Pleasure to dwell all the Days of my Life.

And therefore, now seeing, O Lord, the unclean Spirit is cast out, O let him not re-enter with seven worse than himself. After so many Groans of Contrition, and Tears of Repentance, O suffer me not again to return with the Dog to my Vomit, nor with the Sow to the Mire of my former Uncleaness; lest being again entangled and overcome with the Filthiness of Sin, (which now I have escaped) my latter end prove worse than my beginning.

Dear God, enable me with Pati-

ence, I humbly beseech thee, to withstand courageously every Temptation, and to go on in well-doing, notwithstanding the oppositions I meet with in this World. In the day of Prosperity, grant I may not forget thee; and in the time of Adversity, suffer me not to distrust thee: But grant me Heavenly Wisdom, O Lord, that I may first seek thy Kingdom and the Righteousness thereof, that so all Creature-comforts may be added unto me.

Wean my Affections, O God, from the transitory Things of this World; and let nothing be pleasant unto me, but that which is pleasing unto thee.

Save me from the innumerable Plagues which thy Justice hath addressed for the Wicked; and deliver me, I beseech thee, from all the Calamities I suffer in this Life.

Though now I walk in the shadow of Death, yet I know it's in thy Power to restore me to Health. Lord (if it may stand with thy secret Will) be pleased to recover me, that I may glorify thy Goodness.

But if otherwise thou hast determined to make me as Water spilt upon the Ground, give me a willing and ready submission to thy Eternal Decree: And grant me at the last so safe a passage and conduct in the Arms of thy Mercy, that I may be safely conveyed into *Abraham's Bosom*. All which I beg for the Merits of thy Son, my only Intercessor; to whom with thee and thy Spirit be all Glory for ever. *Amen.*

LINK VI.

GRACIOUS God! Thou who art most powerful, and yet most pitiful to those that are in Distress; be pleased, I humbly beseech thee, to behold me thy miserable Creature, not in Anger, not in Justice, but in Compassion and mercy; not to punish my Infirmities, but graciously to cure them.

When I weigh and consider thy

finite Greatness, and my own Unworthiness to appear in thy sight, I tremble, and am even confounded in my self; Confusion seems to cover my Face as a Veil: For which of thy Commandments have I not transgressed? O Lord, I stand here guilty before thee, of the breach of all thy most Righteous Laws. The number of my Sins is so great, and the nature of them so grievous, that they make me seem vile to my self, how much more loathsome in thy sight.

If thou straitly mark mine Iniquities, O Lord, where shall I stand? If thou weighest me in the Ballance, I shall be found too light. I know thou art a consuming Fire: I confess I am but as withered Stubble. It is thy Mercy which endureth for ever, and thy Compassion which never fails, that is the Cause I am not consumed, that I am not now roaring in Hell with the damned.

O Lord, rebuke me not in thine Anger, neither chasten me in thy hot Displeasure.

Gold A Golden Chain. Golden

pleasure. Have Mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak: Heal me, O God, for my Bones are vexed.

What dost thou require of a guilty and miserable Sinner, but that he be contrite and sorrowful, and humble himself for his grievous Offences? All my Sins, O God, are very displeasing unto me: I will never through the strength of thy Grace, commit them any more: but will humbly confess and bewail my former Transgressions, and intreat always for Mercy without intermission.

O Heavenly Father, I humbly beseech thee (for the Merits of thy Son) that thou wouldest be pleased to pardon and forgive unto me all mine iniquities, and deliver me, O God, from the Vengeance and Shame which is due unto me for them.

Exercise upon me, O Lord, the work of thy Mercy; for with thee there is plenteous Redemption: Pardon not my Offences, I humbly beseech thee, but pity the Weakness from whence

they proceed. O pity the Distress where into they have cast me.

Thou seest, O Father, how low I am fallen; even beneath the base condition of Contempt. I am as a withered Flower without either beauty or sap; for my Life is spent with grief, and my Years with sighing: My Strength faileth because of mine Iniquities, and my Bones are consumed. There is no soundness in my Flesh, because of thine Anger; for thine Arrows stick fast in me, and thy Hand presseth me sore. My Heart is smitten, and withered like Grass, my Days are consumed like Smoke.

Thou, O Lord, hast afflicted me with all thy Waves; I am come into deep Waters, where the Floods overflow me: Innumerable Evils have compassed me about; deliver me, O God, from all my Transgressions, and make me not the Reproach of the foolish.

O Fountain of Mercy, from whence innumerable Streams of Pity do proceed! how canst thou be dried? O infinite

finite sweetness! what languishing Soul came ever to thee, and was not both cured and cleansed, and fully refreshed?

Thou art the Rock of my Faith, the Anchor of my wavering Hope, and the Center of my languishing Desire. In thee I trust, upon thee I rely.

What meanest thou, O Lord, to suspend thy Comfort so long? to punish my Desire so much with delay? How long, O Lord, shall my anguish endure? O gracious Goodness! O merciful Lord! O lover of Mankind! not only in Pity pardon my Weakness, but in Power remove it.

Alas! how is my Soul torn in pieces with remembrance of my Sins; my Strength is broken both with the greatness and continuance of my Grief. I am weary of my groaning; and yet I will not cease to redouble my Groans; my streams of Tears have gushed out of mine Eyes, and yet I will not close them, until I have obtained thy Favour. How ob-

durate is my Heart? How dull, how dead is my Soul? O! that I could weep an Ocean of Tears, to overwhelm my Sorrow, to drown my Shame.

Assist me, O Holy Spirit, and give me Grace to repent. Receive, I beseech thee, the Groans which my Grief sendeth to thee, winged with Sighs, and poised with Tears.

Come Gracious Lord; with-hold no longer. O Water of Life! O Shower of my Salvation! Distil into me one drop of thy Dew. Deliver my Soul from the Chains of Sin, where-with I am bound to satise the rigour of thy Justice, by Eternal Death and Damnation. O deliver me, I humbly beseech thee, both from the Pleasures and Cares of this World, which are Cables to tye me, Fetters to hold me captive from turning to thee. Grant I may scorn with infinite disdain to set my Affections on any thing here, that may steal away my Heart from thee my beloved.

Enlighten me, O sweet Jesu, with the clearness of thy Light, that I may learn above all things to seek and to find thee, who art the Fountain of Life.

Lift up my Mind overcharged with the weight of my Sins, and draw up my desire to Heavenly Treasures; that having tasted the sweetness of Celestial Delight, I may loath and contemn the transitory things of this World.

Give me strength, O Lord, against my Corruptions which are so potent and powerful in me. Purifie my Nature, which is filthy and corrupt, and subdue my sinful Affections. Repress the many wandering Thoughts, and bear down the fury of Temptations which violently assault me.

Restrain my inward Senses, O God, and bar up all the passages of my Soul, that Satan may find no place to enter into me. Close up the Eyes of my Mind, that they behold not Vanity; stop my Ears that they hear not Folly, and my spiritual Smell, that it let not in the savour of Death.

Set a watch before my Mouth, and seal up the closet of my Heart, that nothing enter into the one, or go out at the other, to defile me.

Make me couragious in Conflicts with Satan, who endeavours continually to undermine my hope, and to raze the foundation of my eternal Well-being. Strengthen me, O Lord, to stand against his Wiles, and shortly bruise him under my feet.

Raise my Thoughts and Affections to the things that are above. Renew me according to the Image of thy Son, and frame my Life to a Heavenly Conversation. Enlighten my Understanding, sanctifie my Will, moderate my Desire, and govern my Affections.

Destroy the Man of Sin that is in me, and deliver me from this body of Death. Work in me a fear of thy Power, a love of thy Goodness, a zeal of thy Glory, a thirst of thy Grace, and an earnest desire, and constant resolution (as much as in me lyeth) to frame all my Actions to the Rule of thy Word.

Quicken me, O Lord, with thy Spirit, that I may chearfully listen to the Voice of the Heavenly Charmer, that he may kill the Venom of Sin that lurks in my Soul. Let the Words of thy Preacher drop as the Rain, and distil as the Dew, upon my Heart. Fill him with thy Spirit, that his Lips may be full of thy Grace; that he may speak Instruction to my Ignorance, Correction to my Errors, Comfort to mine Afflictions, and Peace to my Conscience. Guide thou the sword of the Spirit in his Hand, that it may meet with, and smite my special Corruptions.

Lord, open my Heart that I may attend to those Things that belong to my Peace. Make me to understand the way of thy Precepts; so shall I talk of thy wondrous Works.

As thou hast given me, O Father, a purpose to praise thee, so give me power and opportunity to do it.

Fit and prepare me O Lord, for the participation of thy sacred Banquet:

Receive me graciously, O infinite Goodness, I humbly beseech thee, to the Feast thou hast prepared for me; though I am unworthy of the Crumbs that fall from thy Table, yet be thou pleased to feed me with the Bread of Everlasting Life.

The sweetness of thy Words, O Christ, doth encourage me to come unto thee; but my Offences amaze me, the multitude of my Sins doth oppress me, and the impurity of my Conscience driveth me back: so that when I consider, O Lord, how unworthy I am to receive those Heavenly Dainties, I tremble, and am sorely distressed. For if I come not to thee, I fly from the Fountain of Life; and if I unworthily intrude, I incur thy most heavy Displeasure.

Behold, with a holy confidence and assurance, I come unto thee, that I may be refresh'd in thy Gift, and delighted in thy holy and heavenly Banquet. Thou art my Health, my Hope, and my Strength. Thou art my Redoubt.

tion, my Glory, my Honour, and the
lister up of mine Head.

Make joyful therefore this day the
Soul of thy Servant. In flame my Heart
with the sacred Fire of thy Love, and
deliver me, O God, from all dulness
and sloth. Sanctifie and quicken me,
O Lord, that I may relish the sacred
and celestial Food to my spiritual
nourishment and growth in Grace.

Illuminate my Understanding with
a beam of thy Light: Grant that
whilst I receive the Bread and the
Wine, my Meditation may be wholly
on thy grievous Passion; that appre-
hending by Faith how thy Body was
broken, and thy Blood poured forth
for my Sins, I may sensibly feel some
cordial desire of thy Love.

Suffer not Satan, O Lord, to suggest
any thing into my Mind that may hin-
der the saving effect of thy commun-
ion with me. But grant that I may
worthily partake of those Heavenly
Dainties to the Glory of thine infinite
Goodness, and the everlasting Comfort
of my Soul.

Lord renew my Repentance, confirm my Faith, perfect my Charity, increase my Knowledge, fasten my Intention, and quicken my Devotion. Give me, I humbly beseech thee, Sorrow for my Sin, Faith in thy Promises, Love to thy Members, and Thankfulness for this inestimable Favour thou vouchsafest unto me.

O thou true Food of my Soul, quicken me with thy Spirit, that I may live to thy Glory; not seeking mine own Pleasure, nor doing mine own Will, but devoting the remainder of my Life to thy service, and yielding my self wholly to the power of thy sanctifying Grace, to work in me always that which is pleasing in thy sight. O that I might spend every Day, pass every Sabbath, make every Prayer, hear every Sermon, think every Thought, speak every Word, and do every Action, as though when that were done, I were presently after to pass to thy Judgment. O let me live in thy Fear, that I may die in thy

vour, and attain to the blessed Resurrection of the Just.

Grant, O my God, that when I have passed the waves of this troublesome World, I may sing triumphant Hallelujahs to thy Praise and Glory, thro' the Merits of him who is my elder Brother, even the Lord Jesus Christ my only Saviour and Redeemer. *Amen.*

LINK VII.

O Eternal, Incomprehensible, and Invincible God; infinite in Power, Wisdom, and Goodness, dwelling in that Light which no Man can approach, where thousand thousands minister unto thee; and ten thousand times ten thousand stand before thee; I adore thy Majesty, and with a holy confidence and assurance, present my self before the Throne of thy Grace.

Behold me in thy tender Mercy, and despise me not, O Lord, thou art my Saviour and Redeemer. *Amen.*

My Soul is even stifled by inclosing her Corruptions, and not giving a free passage for them to break forth. I will sincerely acknowledge my Sins, that thou mayest take no knowledge of them, I will lay open my Offences before thee, that thy Compassion may cover them from the Eyes of thy Justice; I will not conceal my miserable Defects, lest thereby I lose thy Pity and Relief.

O merciful and powerful Lord, vouchsafe to hear my distressed Soul, groaning at the gate of thy Mercy. See how foully it is defiled with Evil how deeply Corruption hath tainted the Faculties and Substance thereof! how the stamps of Sin, by reason of long Custom, are so firmly imprinted therein, as it is hard to deface them.

That Heavenly Light which thou hast kindled in my Heart (though I seek to smother it never so much) clearly convinceth my Conscience, that I prefer the pleasures of Sin

which are the works of Darkneſs, before the glorious Inheritance of thy Saints in Light.

I have abuſed thy Patience, ſlighted thy Majeſty, and prophaned thy Worſhip. I have caſt off my obedience and ſubjection to thee, my moſt meek and merciful Lord.

So that unto me nothing belongeth but Shame and Confuſion, who inſtead of imbracing thy Mercy, and answering thy Love, have provoked thy Juſtice and incenſed thy Wrath.

Though thou ſhouldeſt drown all my former Iniquities in the bottomleſs Pit of thy Mercy, yet the Sins of this Day alone give ſufficient evidence againſt me to condemn me.

My unſatisfied Deſires, my impure Thoughts and vain Imaginations, my idle Words, and unfruitful Works, make me inexcusable before thee.

I cannot answer for my abuſe of the Creatures, miſpending my Time which is moſt precious, and overſleeping my Occaſions of doing good. How

negligent have I been of the Duties of my Calling? how cold and dull in thy Service? how defective in the confession of my Sins? and how careless in applying the sovereign Remedies of thy Word.

My Sins are such, as for number cannot, for nature should not be rehearsed: All my Tears are not sufficient to cleanse one spot of them, or to quench one spark of the Fury which they have kindled.

They are a burden too heavy for me to bear; they lye upon my Conscience like so many talents of Lead, and would press me even down to the bottomless Pit, did not thy Mercy take hold on the hand of my Faith to support me.

Unto thee I turn, O my God, for thou hast sorely smitten me: My Soul is full of Trouble, and my Life draweth nigh unto the Grave: My Conscience is torn with the biting of Sin, which hath wounded my Soul with Sorrow and Grief.

One depth calleth upon another ; the depth of my Wickedness, upon the depth of thy Goodness ; the depth of my Misery, upon the depth of thy Mercy. O Lord, in the depth of thy Goodness, find means to overcome my Wickedness, in the depth of thy Mercy, to relieve my Misery.

Rectifie my Will, that I may detest my Wickedness ; and mollifie my Heart, that I may bewail my Misery.

Accept me, O Lord, who resign my self unto thee ; and by Faith incorporate me into thy Son. Make thou (I beseech thee) his Wisdom my Instruction, his Righteousness my Sanctification, and his Glory my Happiness.

I humbly beseech thee, O sweet Jesu, to inflame my Heart with thy Love, and to kindle in me an everlasting desire to approve my self unto thee.

Give me a special Faith to receive and retain thee : Apply continually thy Fear to embolden me, thine Ago-

ny to comfort me, thy Nakedness to cloath me, thy Condemning to quit me, thy Blood to cleanse me, thy Wounds to heal me, and thy Death to quicken me.

O Holy Christ, the Repairer of my Life, the Sweetness of my Soul, the Refuge against my Calamities; What flinty Heart, regarding what thou hast suffered, will not be inflamed with the fire of thy Love? will not advance into hope of thy Mercy? I will not enquire into the depth of this Mystery, but I will embrace it with the love of my Will.

O let nothing be so precious to me as thy Favour, nothing so fearful as thy Displeasure, nothing so hateful as Sin, nothing so desirable as thy Grace, which is sufficient for me.

And seeing, O Lord, I have here no abiding City, but am altogether as a stranger and pilgrim, suffer me not, I humbly beseech thee to mispend my time, to misplace my affections, or to lose my self in the pursuit

after the transitory things of this Life: But let all my Travels be towards Heaven, all my Trade for spiritual Merchandise, and all my searching for the Pearl of the Gospel: Enlighten my Understanding, dissipate the Clouds of mine Ignorance, that I may apprehend the infallible Truth of thy Word. Let me desire Temporal Blessings only for spiritual ends; Wealth, that I may be rich in good Works; Health and Strength, the better to enable me to do thee Service; and length of days, that I may praise thee in the Land of the Living: For in Death there is no remembrance of thee; in the Grave who shall give thee Thanks?

Lord rebuke the surges of Temptations, and quiet my Soul: Let thy Peace always rule in my Heart; and do thou quell and subdue all my rebellious Affections. Soften my Heart that is hardened by the deceitfulness of Sin, and humble me for all my Transgressions. Let thy Mercy prevail

vail against thy Justice, my Sighs and Tears against my sinful Joys; and thy Sons Blood even against my crimson Sins. Purge me with Hyssop and I shall be clean, wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Let me hear of thy loving-kindness betimes in the morning, for in thee is my trust: shew me the way that I should walk in, for I lift up my hands unto thee.

Lord give me a sense of my dullness, and a fervent desire of more Zeal. Quicken me by thy Spirit, guide me by thy Wisdom, sanctifie me by thy Grace, and instruct me by thy Word: Fill the sails of my Affections, and drive me speedily into the fair Haven where I should be. Grant I may chearfully run and finish my race, and after I have finished it, receive the Reward of the Righteous, who shall shine as the Sun in the Kingdom of the Father for ever.

Break and dissolve the wicked contracts between my Soul and the

Creatures; and marry her unto thy self. Purge out the dross of my Corruptions, strengthen me in all the assaults of Temptations, direct me in all the Affairs, and comfort me in all the Miseries and Afflictions of this Life.

O Eternal God, the Father of my Lord Jesus Christ, Grant me according to the riches of his Glory, that I may be strengthened by his Spirit in the inner Man; that Christ may dwell in my Heart by Faith, that I being rooted and grounded in Love, may be able in some sort to comprehend with all Saints the measure of thine infinite Love, manifested to me in the Faith of thy Son. O divine Fire, burning continually in the Hearts of the faithful, inflame the coldness of my Affections, that I may be fervent in my Devotions, and zealous in the profession and defence of thy Truth.

Give me, O Father, a thankful Heart for all those inestimable Favours vouchsafed unto me; for thine

finite and unspeakable Love in electing me before thou hadst laid the Foundations of the Earth; for thy Mercy in redeeming me with the Blood of thy Son, and for thy Grace in calling me to the knowledge of thy Truth.

Imprint thy Love so deep in my Heart, that neither Hunger, nor Thirst, nor Sorrow, nor Nakedness, nor Treachery, nor Thralldom, nor hope of Rewards, nor fear of Persecution, nor Life, nor Death, may ever raze it out.

Thou hast planted me, O Lord, in a fruitful Land: Thou hast fenced me with thy Providence; watered me with the former and latter rain of thy Word; pruned me with mild and seasonable Afflictions; and thou castest continually the hot and bright Beams of thy Favour upon me: As thou heapest Blessing upon Blessing, so do thou still add Grace to Grace, that thy Goodness continued to me, may make me continually better.

Let me from my Heart forgive my Brethren their Trespases, compassion

nate their Infirmities, relieve their Necessities, ease their Crosses, and bear their Burdens. Let the Hungry have never a just Action against me at thy Bar, for not giving them Meat; nor the Thirsty for not giving them Drink; nor the Naked for not Cloathing them; nor the Sick and Imprisoned, for not Visiting them: O let the heat of my Love be extended to all, but especially to those of the Household of Faith: Grant I may meet such measure unto them, as I continually expect from thee.

O most merciful God! most powerful, most prone and ready to help: How loving and favourable art thou to those that are in distress? How sure a Friend to those who love thee, and trust in thy Mercy?

Scarce, O Lord, can I dispose myself to crave Forgiveness, to sue for Mercy, but I receive some taste of thy Favour. I am rash in offending thee, and thou art ready to remit my Offences. I run a pace to dishonour

thee, and thou hastest more to receive me to Grace.

When I am coming but slowly to thee, thou runnest to meet me, and to embrace me in the arms of thy Love. Thou givest me the sweet and comfortable kisses of Peace; or if for a time thou deferrest thy Comforts, it is to send them in greater abundance: O that I could sufficiently adore thy Majesty, acknowledge thy Power, and embrace thy Love.

When I was in distress, and even ready to perish, in a moment thou didst pierce the Heavens, and come down. Thou didst deliver me. Thou didst comfort and revive my languishing Soul, my Hope which was weighed down with the plummets of Sin, is now full of lively Courage and Joy.

O how great is thy Goodness, O Lord, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee, before the Sons of Men.

I will extol thee, O Lord, for thou

thou hast lifted me up, I will meditate in thy Precepts, and have respect to thy ways. I will delight my self in thy Statutes; I will not forget thy Word: For thou hast brought up my Soul from the Grave; thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the Pit. O! how good is the Lord? who comforteth the afflicted, healeth the wounded, and reviveth the dead? Eternal Praises and Thanks be rendred to thee, O Lord, my strength and my shield.

O that my Heart were a skilful Inditer, and my Tongue as the Pen of a ready Scribe, to write down thy Praises, and record the wonderful Things thou hast done for my Soul. Thou hast finished my Fears, assured my Hopes, perfected my Joys, and granted my Desires. Thou hast dealt graciously with me above my desert, and therefore, I will rejoyce in thee above measure, and magnifie thee without end.

Blessed be thy Name, O most

tiful Lord, for the singular Benefits I receive by the Sacrament. O unspeakable Grace! O infinite Love! What admirable Favour is this, that thou shouldst be pleased to feed me with thy sacred Flesh, to rejoyce and refresh me with thy Heavenly Cup, and to lay down thy Soul for the Price of my Redemption!

I heartily thank thee, O infinite Sweetness, for those pledges of thy Love, tokens of thy Favour, and seals of the General Pardon of my Sins. I vow by the help of thy strengthening Grace, henceforth to abstain from all appearance of evil, and never willingly to offend thee in Thought, Word or Deed. How should I sin against thee, who hast died for me, and washed my Sins in thy Blood, which now I have received to my unspeakable Comfort?

O admirable and hidden Grace of this Sacrament, who is able to comprehend so high and so sacred a Mystery, which passeth the Understanding of Angels!

Rejoyce O my Soul, and give Thanks unto God, for so noble a Gift and singular Comfort left unto thee in this Valley of Tears.

Affect me, O Christ, with a taste of this Food, and continue the relish of it in the mouth of my Soul: Make me to loath for ever hereafter the Baits of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil; that so my Heart and Affections may be firmly knit unto thee.

Remember I pray thee the Catholic Church; look upon her with thine Eyes of Compassion, that she may triumph in her Afflictions, and at last overcome the Temptations of Satan, by the help of thy Spirit.

Enlarge her Bounds, make up her Breaches, furnish her Pastors, and knit the Hearts of her Members in true Love, the bond of Perfection.

Say to the North give, and to the South restore, and speedily accomplish the number of thine Elect, and so Lord Jesu come quickly.

Crown the King's Majesty, I humbly

bly beseech thee, with all Royal Graces besitting his place: Grant him the Spirit of Wisdom and Council, the Spirit of Holiness and the Fear of the Lord, that he may know how to go in and out before this great and mighty People. Make him as an Angel of God, to discern between good and evil. Establish his Throne, that he may advance thy Kingdom; and when he hath finished his course here on Earth, let him inherit the Crown of Righteousness, and reign with thee World without end.

Endue the Lords of his Majesties Council, the Nobles, Peers, and Judges of this Realm, with Wisdom from above, that they may rule as in thy fear, according to thy Word.

Bless all the Bishops and faithful Ministers of the Land, that they may preserve the purity of thy Worship, and carefully feed thy Flock.

O thou most tender and compassionate Lord, vouchsafe in Mercy, I humbly beseech thee, to look upon

all thy Children of Affliction; comfort the comfortless; bind up the broken hearted; relieve the oppressed; be a Father to the Fatherless, a Husband to the Widow, and a Physician to those that are sick: Let them lose nothing by their Afflictions, but only the dross of Sin and Corruption; and in due time do thou work such a gracious Deliverance for them, as may be most for thy Glory, and the eternal good of their Souls.

Lord, give me Grace, I beseech thee, in this my day, to learn and to follow the things that belong to my Peace; to accept the Salvation now offered unto me, and to bring forth fruits worthy of amendment of Life: that so at last through thy Mercy, I may be receiv'd into thy glorious Kingdom, there to sing with the blessed Angels for ever and ever, the sacred Song of the glorious Lamb. So be it, dear Father, for the Merits of thy Son, by the powerful Operation of the Holy Ghost; with whole assistance

assistance I sum up all my requests, and tender them unto thee, in that Form of Prayer which thy Son my Saviour hath taught me saying, *Our Father which art in Heaven, &c.*

LINK VIII.

ETernal, most Mighty, and most Glorious God, unto whom all Hearts are open, and from whom no Secrets are hid, look down in Mercy upon thy poor afflicted and distressed Servant, who am here straitned with Miseries, and beset with Sorrows on every side.

I confess I am unworthy to appear in thy sight, to have any converse with so holy a God; for mine Iniquities are increased over my head; and have long since reached unto the Heavens: I can as well reckon the drops of the Ocean, as number my Sins, therefore I am the more afraid of thy Wrath. What can I expect but

Goodness of God which I have despised, should utterly forsake me, and that patience and forbearance which I have abus'd, should be turn'd into fury and indignation against me? I tremble, O Father, and am even confounded, when I remember my heinous Offences, for which it hath seem'd good unto thee to turn away thy favourable Countenance from me.

O my God, I am sore troubled, I go mourning all the day long, and thou regardest me not; I pine and languish with grief, I am in great distress, my Soul is bowed down to the dust; awake therefore, O Lord, arise and cast me not off for ever. I must confess I have justly deserved that thou shouldst destroy me from off the face of the Earth, and appoint me my Portion amongst the damned in Hell. But though I have received the sentence of Death in my self, yet with thee there is Mercy and Forgiveness that thou mayest be feared. Pardon, O my God, my heinous Sins I have committed

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against thee, and for Jesus sake receive me again into thy Favour.

O my God, of my self I have fallen, by the assistance of thee I must rise; Lend me therefore (I beseech thee) the helping hand of thy Grace that may again lift me up. Quicken me with the sense of thy Favour, and deliver me from this imminent Danger; so shall I sing Hymns to the praise of that God, who hath dealt so lovingly and bountifully with me.

Give me power, O Lord, to put away the evil of my doings, that so my Person being pleasing in thy sight, thou mayest hear my Prayers and accept my Thanksgivings. Send down from above that sweet Comforter, who alone can speak Peace to my Soul: Hide thy Face from mine Iniquities, and blot out all my Misdeeds.

Remember not I pray thee the Sins of my Youth, nor the Transgressions of my unruly and unbridled Age: but declare thy self mindful of mine

Pity and Compassion which thou hast shewed to Mankind from the beginning of the World, and according to the multitude of thy Mercies heal my Backslidings. Return, O Lord, and be propitious unto me; deliver my Soul from the fear of thy Judgment, and save me for thy Mercy sake.

Look upon me (I beseech thee) in the face of thine Anointed, whose Intercession is far more powerful with thee, than that of *Moses*, or *Aaron*, and *Samuel* could be for thy People. O let the Righteousness of thy dear Son be imputed unto me for my justification, when I shall appear before thy great Tribunal. For this alone can make me blessed and happy. Speak Peace to my Conscience, rebuke the Tempter, and raise me up to newness of Life.

My desires to do thy Will are cold and imperfect: This I lament and grieve for, that they are not fervent. O manifest thy strength in my weakness, and look upon me with

the Favour thou usest to bear to thy Children; for thy Loving-kindness is better than Life. Smite my flinty Heart with the Hammer of thy Word, mollifie it also with the Drops of thy Mercies, and Dew of thy Spirit; make it humble, fleshly, soft, and obedient: Affect it (I intreat thee) with the love of thy Law, that therein may be all my Delight.

Let neither the Smiles of the World allure me, nor the Frowns thereof affright me from thee, but in all these things let me be more than a Conquerour through him that loved me. O give me an understanding Heart, and an undaunted Soul to thy Truth, so that I live quietly in the midst of my Tribulations; and chearfully end my days in thy fear.

Save me in my Dangers, feed me in my Necessities, favour me in my Enterprizes, and give me success in my Actions; that so I may (if it please thee O Father of Mercies) be delivered out of this Misery in which I am engaged.

O my God, let the Soul of thy Servant be precious in thy sight: Take it into thy Protection; embrace it with thy tender Compassion; let it be as dear to thee as the Apple of thine Eye: And seeing thou hast made it of a spiritual and heavenly nature, give me Grace (I beseech thee) to renounce the World and all the Vanities that it adores; that I may consider that the Gold, the Silver, the Jewels, whereof the apparent Beauty deceives the Eyes of Carnal Men, is nothing else but hardned Earth, that will crumble away and dissolve into dust; that I may remember, that after my Decease, all these things will profit me no more, than the Earth and the Stones that shall cover my Corpse.

Blessed God! that hast by thy Word mine Eyes the vanity and emptiness of all things under the Sun, that I might labour to attain to solid and everlasting Advantages: Thou hast placed and reserved in Heaven an inexhaustible treasure of Blessings

corruptible Crowns of Glory, and eternal Triumph, that thither I might transport my Heart and Affections; and that with an holy earnestness, I might desire to look upon thy beautiful and glorious Face. O when shall I see my self in that blessed Paradise, where I shall be free from the Temptations of the World, the Enticements of the Flesh, and from the fiery Darts of the Devil? In thy good time, O Lord, deliver me from my Miseries, and take me to thy self; Honour me with thy Saints in those Mansions, where I shall shine as the Sun in his Glory. Here I live by Faith, but there I shall experimentally see and feel, what I have believed: Shew me therefore, O Lord, thy Salvation, and let me be happy in thy presence for ever.

L I N K. IX.

O Most High and Eternal God, by whose Power all things subsist, and before whose Majesty all Creatures tremble, vouchsafe at this time (I beseech thee) to look down upon me thy poor Servant, who do here humbly cast my self at thy footstool, imploring thy Mercy towards me, for Jesus sake, in this my miserable Condition. Were it not that thou hast commanded me, I durst not approach thy presence, so corrupt is my Nature, so many and so heinous are my Offences.

What can I expect from so holy and just a God as thou art, but that thou shouldst spurn me from thy footstool into the bottomless Pit? Yet seeing, O Lord, thou hast promised Mercy and Pardon to such as truly repent, I do here humbly present my self at the Throne of thy Grace, and freely to confess the Iniquities

which I have committed against thee.

I acknowledge that through the whole course of my Life I have been a rebellious Wretch, and have wearied thee with my Sins, whilst thou hast loaded me with thy Mercies. All the Benefits I have received from thee, have not melted me into Tears for my wretched Unkindness; so that I tremble and fear, lest thou shouldst utterly reject me.

Those good Duties which thou hast strictly commanded, I have sinfully neglected; and those great Evils which thou hast expressly forbidden, I have frequently committed: I have not valued thy Promises, nor regarded thy terrible Threatnings: Thy Mercies have not allured me to Obedience, nor thy Judgments deter'd me from Sin.

All the Faculties of my Soul are defiled; My Understanding is darkened, my Will perverted, and my Affections are bent wholly to Evil. I am like one of the Heathens, who have

out God in the World, are small in comparison of mine: So that the state of my Soul is sad and deplorable.

I have so demeaned my self, as if I neither feared thine Anger, nor desired thy Favour: And though thou hast sometimes afflicted me by Disappointments and Crosses, yet still I have continued in a course of Rebellion against thee.

And here, O Lord, I do with a broken and bleeding Heart bewail that grievous Sin of *, which I have so often committed, to the defiling of my Soul, the wounding of my Conscience, and the dishonour of thy great and glorious Name: For this thou mightest most justly have cut me off in the very act of my Sin; and cast me into the Pit of Destruction. But seeing thou hast hitherto spared me, O do not now destroy me, when with imagined Grief for my Sins I return to thee.

* Here confess
your special secret
Sin.

O my God, wherefore hidest thou

thy Face, and holdest me for thine Enemy? Wilt thou break a Leaf driven to and fro with the Wind, and wilt thou pursue the dry Stubble? for thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me possess the Sins of my Youth. The Eye of my Mind is darkened at the sense of thy Revenge, and the Eye of my Body grown dim, and consumed with Grief. I am weary and worn out with Sighs and Groans.

How long wilt thou turn away thy Countenance from me, and set me up as a Mark to shoot at? How long wilt thou be absent, for ever? And shall thy Jealousie burn like Fire? How long shall I take Counsel in my Soul, and be thus sore vexed within me? O miserable Wretch that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of Sin? Thou which art the great Shepherd, that lovest the hungry and mine in the Wilderness, to seek that Sheep which was strayed from thy Fold: Come Blessed Jesus and bring me home again, for I earnestly seek thee.

This very Day is a Day of blackness and heaviness, of gloominess and sad affliction unto thy Servant; Deliver me, O Lord, in this time of trouble; preserve and keep me that I fall not into Evil, nor faint not under my pressures. As thou hast set me up for a Mark of thy Justice, so make me also a Monument of thy Compassion and Mercy. Recall me from my erroneous ways, and lead me in the Paths of the Righteous, shine upon me with thy Favour, beautify me with thy Grace, assist me with thy Help, so shall I be both glad and secure.

Many are the Impediments I meet with, that hinder me from doing my Duty to thee; O quicken my dull and heavy Soul, enlighten my dark and blind Understanding; I am a stranger on Earth, and know not the way to the Celestial Paradise, O direct me, I beseech thee and hide not thy Commandments from me. Suffer me not to lose Courage, and to yield

to the present Temptations with which I am assaulted, but give unto thy Servant the shield of Faith, whereby I may be able to quench the fiery Darts of the Devil.

Sanctifie me, I beseech thee, throughout by thy Spirit, and make me to become a new Creature. Enable me by thy Grace to conquer my Corruptions, and to perform my Duty, rather out of Love, than out of Fear and Compulsion.

O Lord, remove from my Heart the Cares of this Life, that Death may never surprize me unawares; that my Soul being totally freed from these burdens and thorns, I may be always ready at every moment, to leave this miserable World with transports of Joy, to enter into the Celestial Canaan, where the Milk and Honey of Divine Pleasures, and of Eternal Comforts do flow.

Be thou my King, O sweet Jesus, enable me so to worship and fear thee, that at thy coming I may be found

that number to whom thou wilt say,
Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit
the Kingdom prepared for you from the
beginning of the World: For thine
is the Kingdom, the Power and the
Glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

L I N K X.

O Most Mighty God, I acknow-
ledge with confusion of Face,
that I have provoked thee to Wrath
and Indignation against me, and that
now I justly feel the effects of thy
Displeasure; for thou seemest to cast
me off, and deliver me to the Will of
mine Enemies.

My Sins are so secret to the Eye of
the World, that to Men I seem to be
what I am not; but thou, O God,
art he, to whom all Creatures must
render an account: Against thee I
confess I have grievously sinned,
and done Evil in thy sight.

it's not without cause that I suffer these heavy things from thy Hands: Righteous art thou, O Lord, and just in thy Judgments.

But, O my God, turn from thy fierce Anger, and shew me again the Light of thy Countenance. Forsake me not in this my Distress, but make haste to help me: O succour me, and pardon my Sins, which have brought this Calamity upon me. Lighten mine Eyes that I may see some way of escape, lest being oppressed with the load of my Misery, I be swallowed up of Sorrow and Grief.

Deliver me, I beseech thee, from the Craft and Violence of Satan, who is ready to rend my Soul as a Lion, that is greedy of his prey: Bent he is to tear me in pieces, if there be none to redeem; and deliver me out of his paw: so great is his rage and fierceness against me. O look upon me with thine Eyes of Compassion, and protect me from those Angels of Darkness that seek to destroy me.

Enlighten my Understanding with the Light of thy Spirit, that I may discover the ugliness of Sin, and abominate it with all my Heart, that I may esteem it as that cursed Fire, that hath kindled thy Wrath, as the executioner that crucified the Lord of Glory, and spilt his most precious Blood.

O that my Soul were sufficiently vexed for Sin, whose Fruits are so bitter. Thou that fetchest Water out of the hardest Rocks, draw out of my Heart the Tears of sincere Repentance, which thou wilst to accept. To many penitent Sinners thou hast shew'd Compassion since the beginning of the World; thou never rejectest any that sought thee with a sorrowful Soul, and therefore I beseech thee close not the Door of Mercy on me that hath been opened to receive so many before me. Cast me not off as a Person in whom thou hast no delight; once more make trial of me, whether I will not serve thee as I ought. Assist me with thy Grace.

and I will from henceforth keep thy ways, and walk more closely with thee; I will keep my self from the temptation of that besom Sin, with which I have been so often defiled.

Be pleased, O God, so to incline my Heart, that I may serve thee in fear, and rejoyce before thee with reverence; that I may adore thy Son, submit and be obedient to him; that I may receive his Doctrine, acquiesce in his Laws, and never count my self safe, until I be assur'd that thou thro' him art reconciled unto me. Lord, let my Repentance be such, that by my Sighs and Groans I may give thee no rest till thou return and have Mercy upon me.

Uphold my goings in thy Paths, that my footsteps slip not; that neither my Desires nor Actions deviate from the way that is right. If the Devil, the World, and my own Flesh tempt and lift me up to any Sin, let the dread of thy Divine Majesty lie upon my Soul: Let Death ever be

my Mind, and fill me with such an holy Fear, as may hinder me from the committing of it.

O Lord, I live now in a difficult time, not knowing which way to turn me, but mine Eyes are lift up towards thee: Thou art a gracious God, full of Compassion, and righteous, let therefore thy Counsel direct me, that I may carry my self as I ought. And since I am compassed about with many Temptations, enrich my Heart with Prudence, that I may guide my ways with Discretion; and though I be violently assaulted, make me constant in thy Fear, and patient in my Sufferings. Do thou so fix and establish my Heart, that no evil tidings may make me afraid. Let the flames of Affliction render my Faith more pure, my Life more holy, and my Zeal more sincere and earnest.

Thou seest, O my God, that the Age in which I live, is wonderfully corrupt; that the Earth is inclined to evil, and that Sin reigns in all Flesh.

O strengthen me therefore with such Antidotes as may preserve me from the infection of the Times. Let thy Providence defend me, thy Word instruct me, and thy Promises comfort me. Give me neither Poverty nor Riches, but nourish me with Food convenient.

Grant that whatsoever alteration shall happen here below, I may seriously meditate upon the changes of Time, the variety of the Seasons, the inconstancy of the World, and the strange disturbances of the Earth, as Remembrances of the last Change that shall happen to my Person.

O Merciful God, I know not how soon thou wilt come to knock at the Door of my House, give me Grace I beseech thee, to employ my self in thy Work with Diligence, Faithfulness, and Zeal, that I may not be troubled at thy Glorious Coming.

As thou hast appointed the Hour of my Death, thou hast also ordered the manner of it. O thou God of

Soul to be snatched away by force on a sudden, but that I may have time to commit it into thy merciful Hands. Grant that I may end my Days with all Tranquillity and Satisfaction of Mind; that I may always have a perfect Use of my Senses, and a certain perswasion of thy Grace and Favour; that I may glorifie thy Name, and edifie those about me, until the last Moment of my Departure.

Conduct me (while I live here) in the way that leads unto Glory, where in thy Presence I shall have Fulfillment of Joy. This Happiness, O Lord, is only in thy Power to bestow: vouchsafe, I beseech thee, to give it unto me, for the Merits of thy only Son my Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

LINK XI.

○ Sovereign Lord of Heaven and Earth, thy Power is great, and thy Understanding infinite, thy Good-

ness is incomprehensible, and thy Mercy above all thy Works; when I consider thy Greatness I tremble; when I look upon thy Wisdom I admire; but as oft as I meditate on thy Goodness and Mercy I am emboldened to approach thy Throne. Behold me, I beseech thee, with a serene Countenance, and reject me not, though altogether unworthy: For,

I confess to my shame, that I have transgressed thy Law, and not walk'd in thy Judgments; that I have broken thy Statutes, and not kept thy Commandments. I have not sought to honour and fear thee, nor to put my whole trust and confidence in thee. I have been sway'd too much by my Desires and Lusts, and have turned from thy ways to mine own. My wanderings are many, my failings innumerable, and my Soul is even dead to the things of God.

When I compare my former Condition

I fly the society of Men, and seek out places that are fit for Mourners. O that mine Eyes were a well-spring of Tears, that I might weep abundantly for all my Transgressions.

My greatest Grief proceeds from my not grieving enough, and my most sensible Affliction is because I cannot feel a Repentance answerable to the greatness and number of my Sins. O my God, wherefore is it that I do not embrace thee with a lively Faith? that I do not wrestle with thee by Prayers, Supplications and Tears? and that I continue not in these Devotions, until I have obtained thy most precious Blessing, until thou hast changed my Being? I perceive to my comfort thou hast not wholly forsaken me, O perfect thy Work in me that thou hast begun; it proceeds from thy Mercy, which is not for a moment, but endures for ever.

O Divine Saviour! thou art rich in Goodness; thine Arms are always wide open to receive the poor

that draw near unto thee by a true and serious Repentance. I should be worse than an Infidel, if I did call in question my future Salvation, seeing the Father hath not spared thee for me, although thou art his only and beloved Son, the Brightness of his Glory, and the express Image of his Person. Seeing that thou, O most merciful Lord, hast willingly suffer'd the most shameful Death of the Cross, and spilt thy most Precious Blood, to wash away all my Sins, how marvellous are thy Works, and worthy of the continual admiration of Men and Angels? Thou hast drunk up the very Dregs of God's Fury, that I might never taste thereof.

O Glorious Lord, how precious is thy Death unto me? It is the Payment of all my Debts, and the Atonement of all my Crimes: It hath not only drawn me out of an abyss of Misery, freed me from Eternal Damnation, and the infinite Torments of the bottomless Pit, but it hath purchased for me a Cele-

stial Paradise with all its unspeakable Delights.

O Blessed Jesus, as for my sake thou hast engaged in many Encounters, and hast vouchsafed unto me a share of thy Victory, grant me also a share in thy Glorious Ascension and Triumph. O when shall I hear that Divine Wisdom that drops from thy sacred Lips ! and when shall I see thee sitting upon the Throne of thy Glorious Majesty, where thousand thousands wait upon thee, and ten Millions worship thee ! When shall I enter into the Glorious Company of Saints and Blessed Spirits, that sing forth thy Praises, and cast their most precious Crowns at thy Feet,

O Glorious Monarch, that art now in thy Kingdom, forget not thy poor Servant, who am now overwhelmed with the sorrows of this miserable Life. Let not the Songs of the holy Angels, and the Applauses of the glorified Spirits, hinder thee from listening to my Signs and Groans. O when wilt thou

loose me from this Chain of Misery? When wilt thou carry me above the reach of the Storms and Tempests of this troublesome Sea, where Cares and Grievs do not cease to devour my Soul?

Thou hast been pleased to hide from my knowledge the time and place of my Death, give me Grace therefore, O merciful God, to be always ready to answer thy Call, and to obey thy holy Commands: that I may be as a Soldier who waits only for the Signal to march to the Encounter.

O that I might live in such a manner, as if I were always ready to dye: By this means Death will be joyful unto me, when it comes as thy Servant and Messenger, and I shall follow it willingly, being fully perswaded that it will lead me into thy Glorious Kingdom, where I shall sit with the Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Confessors and Martyrs, and with all the Princes, Kings, and Monarchs, that have lived in thy Fear, and are now

in thy Favour ; where I shall for ever solemnize the Divine Nuptials of the Lamb, and shall be inflam'd with his Love ; where I shall behold God Face to Face, be changed into his Glorious Image, and satisfied with his Divine Likeness. O Lord, give me Grace to think continually upon this joyful day, which shall put a period to the current of time.

And seeing I know not when this beautiful day shall break forth, grant that I may expect it every moment, that I may provide holy Oyl in my Lamp ; Faith, Hope, and Charity in my Heart ; that this Lamp may be ready and always burning ; that my Soul may be cloathed with the Wedding-Garment, with Righteousness and Innocency ; that I may not slumber in the vain Delights of the World, in the Pleasures of the Flesh, but that I may spend the Days and the Nights in Watching and Prayer.

O Heavenly Father ! Strengthen me with thy Grace, and stablish me

with thy Spirit that I may be constant in thy service to the end, that neither Height, nor Depth, nor Principalities, nor Powers, nor Things present, nor Things to come, nor Terrors, nor Afflictions, nor Life, nor Death, nor any other Creature whatsoever, may be able to change my Mind from the Truth, or to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus. *Amen.*

LINK XII.

O Eternal and Omnipotent God, thou art Infinite in thy Being and Glory: So resplendent is thy Honour and Majesty, so immense thy Strength, so illustrious thy Beauty, that I, Dust and Ashes (who consider my Sins with horror) tremble in my approaches to thee. O let not my Soul be wounded with a desperate sense of thy hot Displeasure, but grant that in confessing my Sin, I may find ease

and assurance of Pardon. Stretch out unto me the Golden Scepter of thy infinite Mercies; for though thou art of purer Eyes than to behold Iniquity, yet thou art pleased to manifest thy Love to such as truly repent.

Pity me, O my God, I beseech thee, and enter not into a severe account with thy Servant; O be not my Adversary; contend not in Judgment with me; for if thou should'st call me to the Bar of thy Justice, I have nothing to put in against the dreadful Sentence: nothing of my own that can appease thy Anger, or abate the Fury of one stroke of thine Arm. Hadst thou not laid Help upon one that is Mighty, that is able to save to the utmost, I must have perished to all Eternity; for I know not any upon Earth more vile than my self.

Thou hast been a bountiful God unto me, but I have been an ungrateful Wretch, and in my Prosperity forgot thee. How have I yielded to my unbridled Lusts in the use of thy Creatures.

tures? and how often have I run from confessing my Sin, to the committing of it? I have despised thy Patience, abused thy Goodness, and turned thy Grace into Wantonness.

Thy Hand, O Lord, is justly upon me, and yet the things which I suffer are far inferior to my Deserts; therefore I am content, without murmuring, that thou visit my Transgressions with the Rod, and mine Iniquities with Stripes: But, O Lord God, I beseech thee, continue my Loving-kindness still towards thy Servant.

Far be it from me to complain of thy Justice; I adore thy Goodness and Wisdom. O Lord, how favourable are thy Punishments, if compared with my Deservings! Thou dost not punish me as a Judge, but chastise me as a loving Father. Thou beholdest my Affliction, and Poverty, and knowest better than I, what is good and expedient for me. Enable me I beseech thee, by the Power of thy Spirit, that in these my pressures I fall

not from thee, but expect deliverance from thy bountiful Hand. Make thy Face to shine upon thy Servant, that all mists being dispell'd, I may again be refreshed with the bright Beams of thy Favour.

Affect my Heart, O God, with a Filial Fear, that I may make it my delight to serve thee, so shall I find no labour or difficulty in thy Precepts. Grant that renouncing all Impiety and Worldly Lusts, I may live soberly, justly, and religiously in this present World; that I may apply my Thoughts to all those Things that are virtuous and worthy of Praise, so shall I never commit that great Offence, for which thou mightest justly abhor me.

O Lord, it is thy Grace that must make me obedient: Give therefore what thou commandest, and then command what thou wilt. O that my Ways, Actions, Speeches and Counsels, were so directed by thy Spirit, that I might keep thy Statutes: Free me, I beseech thee, from the Bondage

of Sin, and the Slavery of my Lustful Affections, that I may walk before thee at liberty, and serve thee with a willing Mind.

O feed me with the Bread of thy Heavenly Word, refresh and strengthen my Soul with thy holy Sacraments, so shall my Heart rejoyce, and my Mouth shall be filled with thy praise. Let the Rivers of Waters which flow from thy Sanctuary, so moisten and comfort my barren Soul, that I may bring forth such Fruits as may be pleasing unto thee.

O Lord, thou knowest my Fraillties; no Tree more subject to the violence of Tempests, than I am to the fury and rage of the Devil, who continually labours to deprive me of my juice, and devest me of my greenness. But, O let not the scorching heat of Temptation whither, nor the storm of Persecution beat off one leaf of Grace with which thou hast beautified my Soul; but in the midst of every Trial let me still flourish and retain my Life and Vigour.

Let not the supposed Happiness of Evil-doers cause me to murmur or fret at their Power, Wealth and Success, nor yet be envious because they prosper in their way, and bring their Devices to pass. O my God, Let not these outward things be my sole and utmost Reward, rather let my Lot be to suffer with thy People here in this Life, that I may be happy with them in that which is to come: With the hope of this Reward I will sustain myself in the midst of my Pressures, being fully perswaded that tho' I want here upon Earth, I shall be satisfied with thy Glory, Joy and Immortality hereafter.

Give me Grace to comfort myself, in the expectation of that blessed Estate, where I shall neither hunger nor thirst, where I shall love thee without interruption, and serve thee without any lett, where I shall be in the company of the glorified Saints, who have Palms in their Hands, Crowns upon their Heads, and Praises in their

E. 4. Mouths.

Mouths, where I shall be with the thousands of Angels that are clothed with Light and Glory, and with burning Seraphims that surround thy Heavenly Throne, where I shall live with thee, O Father of Mercies, and with thy Son, and Holy Spirit, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

L I N K XIII.

O Most High and most Holy, Glorious and Eternal Lord God, the Great and Almighty Creator of Heaven and Earth, who hast established the World by thy Wisdom, and stretch'd out the Heavens by thy Discretion; who dispensest the influences of the Pleiades, and loosest the bonds of Orion, and causest both the outgoings of the Morning and Evening to rejoyce: The great Shepherd and Watchman over *Israel*, whose Providence is a Cloud over me by Day, and a Pillar of Fire by Night, so as no evil

befalls me, nor plague comes nigh my dwelling; To thee does thy poor Petitioner desire to address himself at the Throne of thy Grace.

And seeing this Morning thou hast lift up my Head, and given me opportunity of seeking thy Face, to thee I desire to lift up my Heart, and direct my Prayer to the God of my Life.

Thou renewest thy Mercies on me every Morning, and thy Faithfulness every Moment; fillest my Habitation with Joy, and Tabernacle with Peace, when thou mightest most justly have stretched out upon me the line of Confusion, and stones of Emptiness, have cast me out of the pale of thy merciful Protection, yea, into the infernal Pit of everlasting Perdition. It's the Lords Mercies I am not consumed, that I am not now roaring in Hell, under the pressures of easeless, endless, and remediless Torments.

I confess in my first Creation, thou didst make me upright, but alas I have sought out many inventions, and by

finning against thee have come short of the Image, Favour and Glory of God.

The Guilt of Original Sin hath invaded my Person, and the Pollution thereof so infected my Nature, that though I should wash my self with Nitre and Sope, yea, with Snow-water I could not be clean.

The very Foundation of my natural Building was laid in Corruption, and I lie weltring in my Blood till Grace saith to me, live. My Heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. I labour not only under an indisposition, but an utter opposition to all Spiritual Good.

Custom of Sin hath even laid me under a necessity of sinning, so that the *Ethiopian* may as well change his blackmore hue, and the Leopard his spots, as I habituated to evil, ever learn to do well.

I have sinned against the Love of the Father, Merit of the Son, Vertue and Operation of the Holy Spirit: I have

distrusted thy Power, abused thy Patience, challenged thy Justice, and lightly esteem'd thy Salvation; so that if the Lord had laid Judgment to the Line, and Righteousness to the Plumb-line, the Womb might at first have stifled me, and the Knees prevented me, yea, it had been just with thee to have caused me to spend all those days in Hell, in weeping, wailing, and gnashing of Teeth, which I have spent on Earth in sinning against thee.

The Lord would have healed me, but I would not be healed, reconciled me, but I would not be reconcil'd, the thundring Alarms of the Law on Mount Sinai have not awakened me, nor the sweet Charms on Mount Sion allured me; I have neither listened to thy still Voice, nor trembled at thine Earthquake, but have added security and hardness of Heart to all my Iniquities.

Christ hath oft called, but I have refused, knock'd but I have not opened to him; yea, thou hast piped to me.

me and I have not danced, mourned to me and I have not lamented.

Grace hath been long offer'd, yet it is not accepted and welcomed by me; but while thou hast opened to me the door of thy Grace, I have shut the door of my Affections against thee. How many cursed retreats have I made towards *Sodom* since first I set my face to *Sion*? After my solemn Covenant with thee, I have renewed my agreement with Sin; as if *Christ* and *Belial* might stand in conjunction.

How many have been my declensions in Grace, and breakings forth of Corruption? How many my omissions of Good, and commissions of Evil? My best Graces are attended with many Infirmities; How ignorant my Knowledge, how weak and doubting my Faith, how wavering my Hope, how feigned my Repentance, how cold and remiss my Prayers?

My spiritual stock hath not been duly and wisely improved, but my Talent has been buried in a Napkin, and

and hid under a Bushel, so that instead of increasing Godward I have declined exceedingly, going backwards towards the evening, and not having my goings prepared as the morning.

I have not carried it, as a Pilgrim and Stranger on Earth, but fondly dreaming of an Immortality in Nature, I have not been warned by others Mortality to provide for Eternity, numbering my Days, and applying my Heart unto Wisdom.

Truly (Lord) when I consider the number of my Sins, or the heinous nature and crimson aggravations of them, my own Thoughts overwhelm me, they being so great as I cannot well accent them, and so many, that they come near as infinite as number can make them; and verily, the serious Consideration of thy setting them in the Light of thy Countenance, is enough to sink me into an everlasting Sea of Despair.

But (Gracious God) my Sins are neither so many, nor yet so great, but

thou knowest well how to pardon them. Though I have sinned against thy Mercy (which is my Terror) yet I have not sinned above it, which is my Comfort.

O magnifie the Riches of thy Grace in my Absolution, and not the severity of thy Justice in my Condemnation. Wash and bathe my black Soul in the Blood of thy Son, that so of a scarlet-crimson Sinner I may become a milk-white Saint.

Dip thy Pen in that most precious Blood, and cancel all mine Iniquities; Swallow up the vast Mountain of my Transgressions in the boundless and bottomless Ocean of his invaluable Merits. Expect not (I pray thee) Satisfaction from me, who can make none, but accept it in my Ransom, my Surety, who hath paid the utmost Farthing to Justice's demands.

Does Justice plead against me? O let Mercy interceed for me. Does the Law turn accuser and condemn me? O let the Gospel become my Advocate.

to acquit me. I have indeed broken thy Law, but Christ hath fulfilled it; I have deserved thy Wrath, but he hath undergone it; I have shut my self out of Heaven, but he hath purchas'd it for me.

Thou (O Lord) hast sworn by thy self that thou desirest not the Death of a Sinner; O let not thy Vengeance triumph in my Confusion; but say to my Soul that thou art my Salvation. Turn the stream of my Thoughts, Desires and Delights, into a spiritual Channel, and bless me by turning me from all mine Iniquities. Let me carry Sin as my Burden, not wear it as my Crown; and let all my Convictions tend to, and end in Conversion.

Cause me to look down on my self with an Eye of Sorrow, and mourn, that I may look up to Christ with an Eye of Faith, and believe. O let me behold a crucified Christ now in the Sorrows of Repentance, lest I be-
hold

hold a glorified Christ hereafter in the Sorrows of Despair.

Break me (O Lord) that thou mayest bind me up, wound me that thou mayest heal me, and subdue mine Iniquities, while thou drownest my Transgressions in the depths of the Sea. Save me (I beseech thee) not only from the Punishment but the Power, the Damnation but Domination of every beloved Lust. Break my Covenant with Death, and let not my Agreement with Hell stand. Lord do not only imbitter to me the pleasures of Sin, but also enamour me with the beauties of Holiness.

Inflame me with the love of thyself, that I may chuse thee for my Portion and Heritage, as having none in Heaven but thee, nor any on Earth in comparison with thee. Enable me to esteem thy ways as my treasures and delight, and to make Religion the only choice of my Soul. Let the Loadstone of thy Grace silently draw

me that I may run after thee, and cause me to follow thee fully in all ways of active and passive Obedience. O help me to cleave to the Lord with full purpose of Heart, and to resolve whatever others do, to serve thee.

Make me partaker of the Divine Nature, that Christ may live in me, as the hope of my Glory. Let me close with him for Holiness, as well as for Happiness, and bestow upon me the Grace, as well as the Mercy of the Covenant.

Possess my Soul with the excellency of Christ, that I may hunger and thirst more after Communion with him, that I may hearken to the calls of his Spirit by the voice of the Gospel, and not stand out when he would have me come in. To me believing let him become precious.

Help' me (O Lord) to live more by Faith, to deny my self, and to watch continually my deceitful Heart; to despise the World, to mind Heaven

ven and Eternity, to prepare for my Bridegroom's approach, and Saviour's blessed appearance.

Let me not be carried away with the stream of abounding Iniquity, but be able to row against the Tide of Corruption within, and Wind of Opposition without. Vouchsafe me a Carriage becoming every Condition, and let my Affections always be evenly tun'd to thy administrations. O let not the Sun of Prosperity ever cause me to wax so fat as to throw off the Cloak of Religion, and let the wind of Persecution cause me to gird it the faster about me.

Fix me (O Lord) immovably on thy self, and make me unchangeable amidst all the changes of this mutable World. Though I fall into Suffering, yet let me not fall into Sin, but choose rather the greatest Affliction before the least Transgression against thee. Let my last days be my best days, both as to the exercise of Grace, and

and injoyment of Comfort. The nigh-
er I come to the Grave, the nigher let
me approach to Heaven, and as my
Body tends more downward to Earth,
the place of Corruption, so let my
Soul move upward to Heaven, the
place of Perfection. Neither let the
Sun of my Life go down in a Cloud,
but its last shines be brightest and
most glorious.

Cause me to pass the whole time of
my sojourning here in thy Fear, that
at last I may dye in thy Favour, rest
in thy Peace, rise by thy Power, and
reign in thy Glory.

And since I am a Member of that
Mystical Body whereof Christ is the
Head, I entreat thy Fatherly Care and
Compassion towards thy whole visi-
ble Church.

Build thou up the Walls of *Sion*,
and gather in the out-casts of *Israel*.
Be a Cloud in thy Peoples Assemblies,
and on all their Glory a Defence.
Heal the dilapidations of thy San-
ctuary.

etuary, and let thy House no longer lye waste.

Restore thy Church to its pristine Condition, so shall the Congregation of thy People compass thee about; Religion, which is now almost extinct, shall again flourish; and thy Worship, which is now dishonoured, shall again recover its ancient Lustre. Save thine afflicted People, and bring down the proud and high looks. Let the Wickedness of the Wicked be brought to an end, and establish thou the Just on the Earth.

Double the Portion of thy Spirit on Magistrates, that they may be just, and rule in thy fear.

Prosper the Word of Grace and Salvation in the Mouths of thy Ministers. Set open, and continue so, the Door of thy Gospel in despite of all opposition. Cause thy Truth to shine forth gloriously and triumphantly, as the Sun at Noon-day, and let it dispel the thick mist of Dark-

Darkness and Error that hath overspread so many Nations of the World. Set up every where thy pure Worship, and throw down Idolatry where-ever it prevails.

Comfort all thy Mourners in *Sion*. Precious in the sight of the Lord let be the Death of all thy Saints. Let the Spirit of Glory rest on all those that suffer for Christ; and do thou give them an hundred fold. Let them overcome by the Blood of the Lamb, and Word of his Testimony. Let the Blood of thy Martyrs be the Seed of the Church.

Such as walk in Darkness be thou pleased to shine upon, though it be but a glimpse through the Lattress; For them under Satan's buffeting, let thy Grace be sufficient, and let not their Faith fail.

Feed the Hungry, cloath the Naked, heal the Sick, strengthen the Weak, loose the Captive, and according to the greatness of thy Power preserve them

them appointed to dye: Give them Visits from Heaven in their saddest Solitudes, and sweet Visions of Peace in the darkest Night of their Afflictions.

And now (O Lord) since thou hast given me this Morning a Resurrection from the Grave of my Bed, and hast added another Day to my Life, be pleased to add Grace to my Heart, that I may improve it in looking after the things that belong to my Peace. O thou who commandest Light to shine out of Darkness, cause the Sun of Righteousness to shine on my Soul. Help me this day to walk as in thy sight, and do thou hide thy Law in my Heart, that I sin not against thee.

Let the Angel of thy presence conduct me in all my goings out and returns, and let the Hand of thy Providence be over me for good. Confirm and prosper the Works of my Hands, and let Heaven's Benediction influence all my Undertakings.

Bless

Bless me in all my Lawful Employments, and hedge up my sinful ways with Thorns; yea, suffer me to engage in nothing in which thy Soul will not delight to bless me.

Give me (Holy Father) this Day my Dayly Bread, assist me against my Dayly Infirmities, and preserve me from all those Snares, that Satan or the World shall lay to entrap me. Lead me not into, nor leave me in any Temptation. Deliver me from all Evil both of Sin and Suffering.

Cause me to sanctifie in my Heart thy great and glorious Name, and to take the Kingdom of Heaven by Violence. Let me be one step nearer Heaven in the Evening than I was in the Morning.

Lead me, I beseech thee, into all the Paths of Truth, that I may so do thy Will this day here on Earth, that when I come to cast up my accounts, between thee and my Soul, at Night, I may do it with Joy, and not with

Grief.

Grief: And having served thee this day, and all the days of my Life, I may at last receive the Reward of thy Kingdom.

In all which my Requests, I beseech thee, to hear me in what I have prayed for according to thy Will, in the name and for the sake of Christ Jesus, who dyed for my Offences, and rose again for my Justification, and is now ascended, and sits at thy Right-hand continually to make Intercession for me. To whom with thy Sacred Majesty, and coequal Spirit, be ascribed as is due of me (with the whole *Israel* of God) all possible and equal Praise the residue of this Morning, and for evermore. *Amen.*

LINK

L I N K XIV.

INfinitely Glorious, transcendently Gracious, Lord God, Ever-living and Ever-loving Father in Jesus Christ, an inexhaustible Fountain of Goodness in thine own Nature, and a communicable spring of Consolation in thy acts towards thy People. Thy Mercies are like thy self from everlasting to everlasting, and according to thy Working, so is thy Being.

Thy Paternal Care reacheth the minute and despicable Worms on Earth, as well as the glorious Intelligences in Heaven. Thou takest care of the Sparrows, clothest the Lillies, and the Ravens have thee for their Cater and Almoner; much more wilt thou provide for the Families of thy People, who continually fear and serve thee.

Every day presents me with the fresh Experiments of thy Divine Bounty and Benignity towards me: Thy
F Mercies

Mercies are multiplied, and thy Loving-kindnesses repeated to me every moment. I sit under the shadow of thy Wings, and thy Love as a Banner is displayed over me: Therefore am I come into thy blessed Presence to offer up my Evening Sacrifice of Prayer and Thanksgiving at the Throne of thy Grace.

Thou art a God that wilt be found of those that seek thee, as well as be sought of those that find thee. O be pleased to bow the Heavens, and come down: Stretch out the golden Scepter of thy Grace this Evening towards me: Bid my Soul welcome into thy glorious Presence, and vouchsafe me gracious Communion with thee.

But what am I that I should pray to the Almighty, or lift up mine Eyes towards thy Mercy-seat? I am altogether unworthy to appear in thy sight, or to speak to so holy a God as thou art. I have not walked before thee with an upright Heart, and in a perfect

perfect way; but rather according to the course of the World, the dictates of Satan, and the deceitful motions of my treacherous Heart.

All my Actions natural, civil, religious, have been clothed with guilt and defilement. My very Imaginations are vain, my Desires earthly, my Ways irregular: An universal Ataxy and Disorder hath seized upon me, blindness of Mind, hardness of Heart, deadness to all that is spiritually and savingly good. I am become a grievous revolter, and have wrought great Provocations against thee.

The work of my particular Calling interferes with my general, and the World even quite justles out Heaven. I am then hunting for Venison, when I should be catching the Blessing. Enter not into Judgment with me (O Lord) for I cannot stand in thy sight.

If such be the Conversation of my Life, what is the Constitution of my Nature? The Stream is nothing, com-

pared to the Fountain: O that cursed root of Bitterness, and spring of Corruption that's seated in it. Alas! I have destroyed, but cannot save my self. Run a pace I can in the way to Hell, but can't so much as set a step towards Heaven. Nay, though thou hast drawn me by the Cords of thy Love, yet I have not run after thee, but am gone away backward by a perpetual backsliding.

And, O what a Tragedy of Wickedness hath been acted on the Scene of my Life? Many Days, Weeks, Months and Years are past in sinning against thee, but very few Moments have I spent in thy Service. I have not courageously maintained and kept up that spiritual combat with my fleshly and unregenerate part; for since my Profession made of thee in the World, I have little minded Religion, but have gone an whoring after my own Inventions, since I espoused its Concerns.

I press

I press not forward in Grace, nor aspire towards Perfection, but in many things I have come short of those who yet at last will come short of Heaven. My course and conversation in the World have been generally evil, and my time hath been spent in doing nothing, or in undoing my Soul. I have not shewed forth in my Life the Power of Christ's Death in dying to Sin, nor the blessed Efficacy of his Resurrection in living to God. My Heart has not been so affected with the ravishing Beauty of Grace, as to be carried out towards it with ambitious and loving Desires.

I have made others Sins too much my own by a cursed compliance, and not born that Wickedness down enough by the stream of my Prayers, which I could not by that of my power; I have minded Earth more than Heaven. To me (O Lord, I acknowledge) belongs nothing but shame and confusion.

By all my Confessions I am no way able to unravel my Guilt, nor set mine Iniquities in order before me: I dare not extenuate them, neither can I make Satisfaction, or bear the Punishment due unto me for them. I know nothing can satisfie God but God; finite Obedience can't recompence the Injury done to infinite Justice. I have destroyed my self, but in thee only is my Help to be found. If the Lord will punish and damn me for ever, his ways are just and equal; but be thou pleased to pardon me, and as Sin hath abounded, so let Grace much more abound.

I have heard that the King of Heaven is a merciful King, therefore I come unto thee. O that thou who out of thine abundant Patience hast spar'd and repriev'd me, wouldst help me to sue for (and do thou pass to me) the grant of a Pardon, lest my temporary preservation proves but a reservation to the day of final Execution.

Lord

Lord, I cannot stand before the Bar of thy Justice, O pardon mine Iniquities, because they are great, so shall thy free Grace be magnified, thy Sons Merits advanced, and my Soul deeply engaged in highest Thankfulness to thee. Though I can't atone or expiate my Sin by thousands of Rams, or ten thousand Rivers of Oil; yea, the first begotten of my Body cannot satisfy for the Sin of my Soul. Thou hast so loved the World that thou hast given thy only begotten Son, as a Price for the Satisfaction of Justice; his Soul was poured out to the Death, and made an offering for Sin; and I know thou wilt not take double Satisfaction. The Judge of the whole Earth will do that which is right.

Christ was wounded for my Sins, and bruised for mine Iniquities. Let the Chastisement of my Peace be upon him, and by his Stripes let my Soul be healed. It's the Glory of a Man to

pass by Infirmities, and shall it not be thy Glory (most merciful Father) to pardon Offences?

Lord, it's not Riches and Honour I beg, but Pardon; not Height nor Greatness, but thy Grace and Favour; not Respect and Kindness from Men in the World, but Reconciliation with thee.

Thou hast (Holy Father) had Mercy on thousands, and am I he alone who shall be sent away empty? Are thy treasures of Grace all exhausted? Nay, Art not thou as full of Compassion as ever? And is not the Fountain of Grace yet running? Have Mercy on me, O Father, and let thy free Grace triumph in my Unworthiness.

My Sins indeed are numberless, but Christ's Merits are infinite: With thee my God, in and through him, is plentiful Redemption, and abundant Forgiveness, that thou mayest be feared. Is not Mercy the Attribute thou de-
lights

lights to magnifie? Hadst thou not rather save one coming in to thee, than to destroy a thousand going on in rebellion against thee? Will not Free Grace be more advanced in my Conversion, than Justice can in my Condemnation? Consult, I beseech thee, thy tenderest Compassions towards me. Where is the sounding of thy Bowels, are they restrained?

It's a Mercy I have a Nail in thy Tabernacle, a little reviving or breathing time here on Earth; but what good will a Reprieve do me without a Pardon? or admission into Fellowship with the Church Militant signify, if at last I be excluded Communion with that Triumphant.

Thou art a God who delightest not in the Death of Sinners, and hast sworn by thy Life thou hast no pleasure in their Destruction, but hadst rather they should be sav'd, and come unto the knowledge of thy Truth: yea, thou invitest them to come unto

thee weary and heavy-laden, with the burden of their Sins, that so they may find rest for their Souls. Thy Command (O Lord) is exprels, thy Promise free, thy Call and Offer general, I know thou wilt not fail or deceive thy poor Creature, who being thy dependant do hope in thy Mercy.

Cast my Sins (I beseech thee) behind thy back, whilst I set them before me; do thou forget and not impute them to Condemnation, whilst I remember them to Humiliation: Hide them all in Christ's Wounds, bury them in his Grave, nail them to his Cross, and charge them on his score, that they be no more reckon'd unto me, but being cancell'd in his Blood, I may be looked upon as if I never had offended against thee.

Cast out of the Soil of my Heart all the Weeds of Corruption: Let my Wilderness be turned into a fruitful Paradise, and my Soul become a Land

of

of Delights. Being justified by Faith, let me have Peace with God through the Son of thy Love, and partake of all the Royal Priviledges, of Redemption, Adoption, and Sanctification. Make me lost in my self, that I may be found in Christ; empty me of my own, and supply me out of his Fulness: Make me (I beseech thee) a Spouse of that Husband, a Building on that Foundation, a Member of that Head, a Branch of that Vine, that receiving Sap and Moisture from him, I may bring forth Fruit, and grow up to Perfection.

Cause my Soul to know thy Loving-kindness, that my Redeemer lives, and that my Name is written in his Book of Life. Let me follow thee my God in the dark, when I have lost my Vision: Let me never conclude thee departed, nor Christ so far gone as to think he will never return: Let me ever keep up the Duty and Obedience of a Child, though I want the
Smiles

Smiles and Respects of my Heavenly Father, that so Mercy at last may come leaping over the Hills, and skipping over the Mountains.

As the first *Adam* hath derived to me fulness of Sin, so let the second communicate fulness of Grace. Cause my adamantine Soul to dissolve, while in bitterness and heaviness I mourn for my Offences. Make my Head waters, and mine Eyes to gush out with rivers of Tears, because I have not kept thy Law.

Create (I beseech thee) a new Heart within me, that so escaping the Corruption in the World thro' Lust, I may have my Fruit unto Holiness. Help me to order my Conversation aright, and let the Oyl of thy Mercy quicken the wheels of my Affections. As I hope and believe, so let me walk that I may evidence the inward renovation of my Heart by the real and total reformation of my Life.

Lord

Lord heal the disorder of my distempered Nature, and purge my polluted Conscience in the Blood of thy Son.

Assist me by the favourable gales of thy Grace, while I am sailing against the stream of corrupt and degenerate Nature, that I may yet maintain the Combat, while I cannot compleat the Victory, till at last I come to win and obtain the triumph. Let me not (with the Willow) bend with every Wind, but stand as the Oak in the greatest concussions

Destroy in me the commanding as well as the condemning power of Sin, that while it hath a being it may never be admitted to a throne and principality in me, and though turbulent against me, it may never be prevalent over me.

Help me not only to break off Sin's intolerable yoke, but to take Christ's upon me, which is easie and light. Q let me esteem one glimpse of thy Coun-

Countenance before all the Corn,
Wine and Oyl in the World. Lord
enter into Covenant with me, that I
may become wholly thine. Be thou
my God, and let me become one of
thy People.

Let my Conversation be not only
civilly, but spiritually and religiously
Good. While I live soberly as to
the World, let me live piously also
in Christ. Above all other Graces
give me sincerity, and help me to as-
pire forward towards Perfection, that
so the Divine Image may be daily per-
fecting in me, till from the nature I
am advanced to the stature and mea-
sure of Christ.

Let thy way become strength to
my Soul: While I am upright before
thee, and under my greatest declensi-
on, let me renew my Strength as the
Eagle. Let every day of my Life be
a constant preparative for the day of
my Death, and being a follower of
those who inherit the Promises, let
me

me patiently wait my appointed change.

And though unworthy to supplicate for my self, I desire to commend thy *Sion* to thy Fatherly Care and Compassions, in all my applications to and supplications before thee.

The Lord yet dwell in *Sion*, and make the place of thy Feet glorious. As a Bridegroom rejoyceth over his Bride, so do thou rejoyce over thy Church: Make her fair as the Moon, beautiful as the Sun, terrible as an Army with Banners. Let the Mountain of the Lord's House be exalted on the top of the Mountains, and to Christ let the gathering of the People be.

Remember the Seed of *Abraham* thy Friend: Take off thy Curse, and let not thy Indignation burn always against them. Though the Blood of thy dear Son lyes heavy upon them, and hitherto thou hast justly hardened them, yet be thou pleased of thy
Infinite

Infinite Mercy to open their Eyes, to unstop their Ears, to mollifie their Hearts, and to cause them to mourn over him whom their Fore-fathers have pierced.

Make them understand those sacred Oracles which thou didst commit to their keeping; that Christ, who hath long since been a light to lighten the *Gentiles*, may in thy due time be the Glory of thy People *Israel*. Let them be saved by that Jesus whom they crucified, by that most precious Blood which they shed.

Appear in a way of deliverance for all that appear for thee in a way of distress. Send Truth and Peace, I beseech thee, among the Nations: Let them with one Heart and Mouth glorifie thee, the True and Eternal God. Perfect every where begun Reformation, and visit in Mercy these sinful Islands.

Let the Dew of thine abundant Blessings fall upon the Head of my
Sove

Sovereign: Give him the Success of *David*, the Wisdom of *Solomon*, and the Zeal of *Josiah*. Defend him from all his Enemies, and bless him in his Royal Relations. Make him a most Religious Defender of thy Sacred Truth, and a Gracious Governour to all her Subjects.

O King of Kings! thou who hast been pleased to make him a living Image of thine Almighty Power, and a visible expression of thy Heavenly Glory, grant that he may adore thy Scepter, and humble his self before the Throne of thine universal Empire. Let him consider that he is to appear before thy great Tribunal, not only as a Man, but also as a Prince. O govern him by thine Excellent Wisdom, that he may employ the Power and Authority which he hath received from thee, to thy Honour and Glory.

Thou hast delivered him out of all his Troubles; thou hast justified his
Right

Right to these Crowns by a Gracious and Miraculous Restauration. O let him never forget thine infinite Goodness, so visibly declared to him and his People. Enrich his Soul with Divine Graces. Let Justice and Peace flourish in his Reign, and when he shall depart out of this Life, let him be receiv'd into thy magnificent Palace, there to adore thee for ever and ever.

Be with all inferiour Magistrates; Let them be a Terrour to Evil-doers, and an Encouragement to them that do well. Enlighten their Understandings with thy Divine Knowledge, and strengthen them with that Spirit which thou gavest to *Moses*, and to his Judges in *Israel*. Let their Ears be always open to hear the Cries of the afflicted, but shut to all unjust Suggestions. Grant that without respect of Persons, they may render to every one what is his right, that nothing may hinder them from condemning the guilty, and justifying the innocent. Let them

consider that when they have done judging others, they shall be judged themselves, and nothing shall be able to oppose the Decrees of thine Infinite Wisdom.

Bless the Ministers of thy Word and Sacraments: Pour upon them abundance of thy Grace, and give a happy success to their Labours. Let them always consider that the Sheep they feed belong not to them, but to the Lord Jesus, who hath created them by thine infinite Power, and redeemed them by thy wonderful Goodness. Let them remember that they are shortly to appear before thy Glorious presence, and to give an account of their Stewardship. Let them delight in declaring the wonderful Councils of thy Wisdom, and discovering the Mysteries of thy Kingdom. Let their Meat and Drink, be to do thy Will, and to perfect thy Work. Drive away from thy Flock all Ravenous Wolves, and raise up to thy Church such as are Faithful, Sober,

ber, Pious and Learned. Shut the Mouths of all false Prophets, and let thy Truth be Victorious over every Error.

Let the place of thy Habitation be a Fountain of Justice and Holiness, and let the Good Will of him who dwelt in the Bush, visit this Family. Give me Grace (I beseech thee) to walk in my House with a perfect Heart, that I may be a pattern of Good Works, and example of Piety, Religion and Charity to all those about me.

And now my God, who hast been my Keeper this Day, in my goings out and returns, be my Watchman this Night, and cover me with the Wing of thy Gracious Protection. Sanctifie my Thoughts, and let my Reins instruct me in the Night-Season.

Be thou my Guide, and let thine Angels guard me; Compose my Body to desired Rest, and compass me about with Songs of Deliverance. Into thy Hands I commend my Spirit, and
when

when I awake, let my Heart be with thee.

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that I ask or think, according to the power that worketh in me, unto him be Glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all Ages, World without end. *Amen.*

LINK XV.

O Most Merciful and Bountiful God, Thy Majesty is great, thy Goodness, Clemency and Providence Wonderful, thy Power is High above all Nations, and thy Glory above the Heavens: Who, O Lord, is like unto thee? or among Men or Angels may be compared with thee? And yet though thou dwellest on High, all Actions and Events, both in Heaven and Earth, are rul'd, guided, and ordered by thee. If the proud

proud Angels in Heaven aspire to thy Throne, thou beholdest it, and they shall feel thy Power. If insolent Men on Earth shall exalt themselves against thee, they shall drink of the Cup of thy Wrath; when thy Servants Sin, and yet shall humble themselves, thou wilt behold their Contrition, accept their Tears, and forgive their ungracious Behaviour. O how great, How admirable, How excellent is thy Name in all the Earth? My words are too flat to express, my Sense and Reason too weak to comprehend the Wisdom of thy Ways, the Immensity of thy Goodness, which thou hast shewed to the Children of Men.

Thou hast dealt very Bountifully with me, in hearing my Petitions, in Pardoning my Sins, and restoring me to the comforts of thy blessed Spirit; Therefore will I shew forth thy Praise, and walk before thee in Righteousness and Holiness as long as I live. It shall be the boast of my Soul, and the joy of my

my Heart, that when I sought thee, thou hadst respect to thy Servant, and didst free me from all those fears with which I was surpriz'd, for behold, I poor wretch forsaken and contemned by all in the midst of my miseries, having implored thy help, thou didst hear and deliver me. Let all those who are of a meek and Patient Spirit under the Cross hear thereof and be glad. When their Eyes are dejected, even then let them look up unto thee; when their Faces are clouded with sorrow, be pleased then to enlighten them with thy favourable Countenance, so shall they not be ashamed that they put their trust and confidence in thee.

O my God, Thou art no less Glorious in thy Mercy, than Dreadful in thy Justice. Though thou art able to destroy, yet thou art willing to save, for thine Anger is turned away, thou hast removed thy stroke from thy Servant; Thou hast freed me from the slavery of Satan, from the drudgery
and

and service of Sin, and from those bitter calamities, which like many waters did environ my Soul. Therefore, amidst all the storms of this Life, to thee, Holy Father will I fly for protection, to thee alone for Safety and Succour. O Lord, thou art good in thy self, and doest good to thy Servant in all that thou bringest upon him. Go on Gracious God, not to afflict, but to teach me, and by thy chastisements to make me the wiser.

Bless the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all his Benefits, who forgiveth all thine Iniquities; who healeth all thy Diseases; who redeemeth thy Life from Destruction, who crowneth thee with Loving-kindness and tender Mercies: who satisfieth thy Mouth with good things, so that thy Youth is renewed like the Eagles. Infinite, O Lord, are the causes I have, with the greatest alacrity to praise thee; so many have been thy Mercies, so wonderful thy Providence, so strange thy protection

rection towards me through the whole course of my Life.

My Substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the Earth: Thou didst pour me out as Milk, and cruddle me like Cheefe: with Flesh and Skin hast thou cloathed me, and fenced me with Bones and Sinews. Thou hast granted me Life and Favour, and thy visitation hath preserved my Spirit. Naked and Hungry I came into this World, and thou hast hitherto most bountifully covered and fed me. Whatsoever is necessary for the Sustentation of my Life, all that I receive from thy most liberal Hands. When I was lost and condemned, thou didst Redeem me by the Blood of thy Son. I was the slave of the Prince of Darkness, but thy Grace hath delivered me out of his power, and translated me into the Kingdom of Christ.

O blessed Jesus! How great is thy love to Man, that thou didst vouchsafe to be Born of a Virgin, to assume the Seed of *Abraham*, and not the Nature of Angels; to endure Hunger, Thirst, Cold, Weariness, Reproaches, Persecutions, Sorrows, Poverty, Bonds, Whips, Pricking of Thorns, and that most bitter Death of the Cross! O How great is the flame of thy Love, and the Inclination of thy pity, which forced thee for my sake to suffer such grievous things. It is I that trespassed, and thou hast made Satisfaction. It is I that Sinned and thou hast undergone the punishment. O Let the Remembrance of these thy Mercies be ever sweet to the Soul of thy Servant.

Enable me (I beseech thee) to live the Life of the Saints, that I may die the Death of the Righteous. Guide me, O Lord, by thy Counsel, and afterwards receive me to Glory: So for all the goodness that thou hast shewed to me on Earth, I shall Eternally
praise

praise thee in Heaven. Rejoyce, O my Soul! Look up to that Rest that God prepares for thee above. There I shall meet with no trouble, weariness nor grief, no sorrow, displeasure nor pain; But shall enter into the joy of my Lord, and receive from his Merciful Hand, the uncorruptible Crown of Immortality and Glory; I shall follow the Lamb whithersoever he goes, and he shall be my Shepherd for ever; He will lead me to the Fountains of Living Water, and wipe away all tears from mine eyes.

O my God, if the expectation of these Delights be so pleasant, what will be the fruition? If the first Fruits are so Ravishing, what shall I say of the Harvest? Give me Grace to lift up my Head, looking for my Redemption, as if I did already hear the sound of the last Trumpet, and see the Lord Jesus coming in the Clouds of Heaven. O Most Powerful and Merciful Lord, forgive my impatient Wishes, and hasten that day for the Elects sake; Come

and trample upon the Pride of the World, and of all the Enemies of thy Sacred Truth. Come and execute Judgment upon her that is Drunk with the Blood of thy Holy Martyrs. Come and bind the roaring Lion in Chains, and shut him for ever in the bottomless Pit, that thy Church may be delivered out of this *Babylon*, where it hath been so long in Bondage.

Now unto the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, the only wise God, be Honour, Praise, Glory, Might, Majesty and Dominion, from this time forth, and for evermore. *Amen.*

O Lord, God Almighty, thou only begotten Son, and Holy Spirit; O Sacred Trinity, which art without beginning, and in whom is no division: I heartily thank thee for thy assistance in this Work, which I wholly attribute to thy Grace, and Humbly dedicate to thine Honour.

Ἡ Ἀνασκαδὴ τῆς Ἀσθεῖν

Or, A Short

TREATISE

OF THE

Immortality

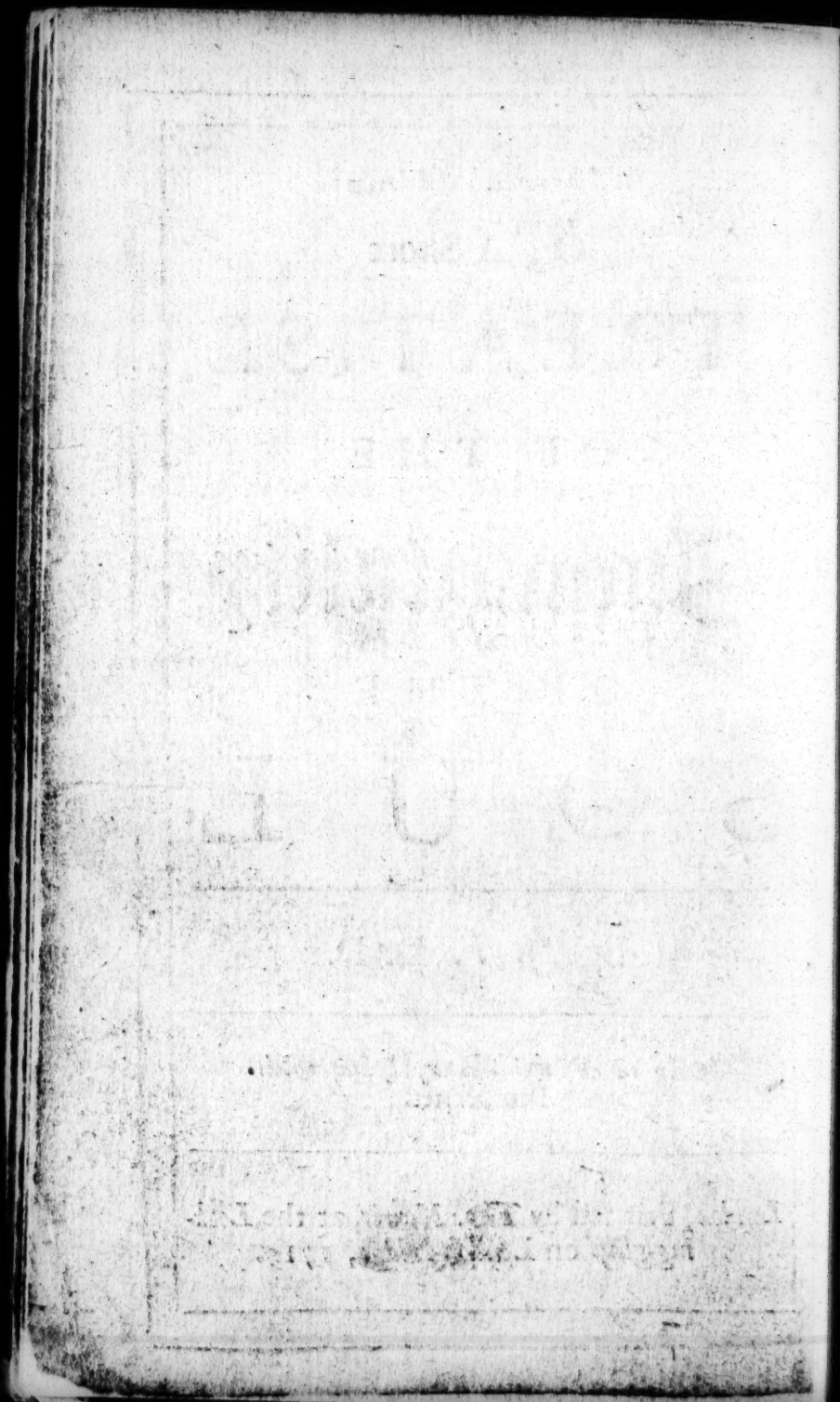
OF THE

S O U L.

By J. T. D. D.

Θεὸς ἰεὶ τὸ ἀεὶ ἀλογίζεσθαι καλόν.
Democrates.

London, Printed by Tho. Norris, at the Look-
ing-glass on London-bridge, 1719.



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A
TREATISE
OF THE
IMMORTALITY
OF THE
SOUL.

AS in God there is One Essence,
and Three distinct Persons, so
in the Soul of Man there is
One Essence, and Three distinct Pow-
ers, the Memory, the Understanding,
and the Will; which
according to *Scotus* *,
are essentially the same
with the very Essence of the Soul, as
G 4 the

* *Scotus sub. prim
sent. distinct. 2.*

the Three Persons of the Godhead are really the same with the Divine Nature. But alas, who can describe the Essence of the Soul? *Hypocrates* calleth it *ὄψιν ἀφανέα*. The insaisfiable or invisible Nature, which can no more be described by us, than our Eye is able to see it self. For could the Soul be discerned with our Eye, or conceived by the Mind, how would it ravish us, and lead us into an excessive Love of it self.

This only is indivisible and imma-

* Ecclesi. 12. 7. Dan. 12. 3. Math. 10. 28. Sap. 3. 1. *Anima in quibuscumque suis moribus tota est.* August. l. de Spiritu & Anima, c. 19.

terial; this alone is incorporeal, *im-mortal, *ἀθάνατος*, or immutable; and may be called the

receptacle, promp-tuary or store-house of all the species or kinds of Things, being a created substance, and all in each of its motions. The Beauty of the Body compared to that of the Soul, is but as a Candle in comparison of the Sun. If

the

the Body be a fair Shell, the Soul is the Pearl: If the Body be the Lanthorn, the Soul is the Light: If the Body (as St. *Ambrose* saith) be the triumphant Chariot of the peaceable *Solomon*, the Soul is the Queen, which sitteth thereon to guide and govern it. If the Body be as the green moss of some Sea-neighbouring Rock, the Soul is the Diamond, which within hideth its lustre. It is the well-beloved of God, which is fallen from his Mouth into this mortal Prison; it is that which advantageously is marked with his Stamp and glorious Image; yea, it is that on which the Creator hath distended his Royal Purple, as is said in the Prophet *Ezekiel*: And this Royal Garment is no other, than a collection of all the Perfections of Creatures contracted in the Soul of Man, as the Figure of the World would be in the Circumference of a Ring.

*Ezek. 16. Expandi
amictum meum super
te.*

All Examples derived from material Things, can never expresse the Beauty of this most excellent Substance. Heaven excels all the Glories of the Earth, Fire surpasses Water, the Stars in lustre excel the most precious Stones: We may admire the Rainbow in Heaven, the Violets and Lillies, with all the pride and variety of the Fields, which are all nothing, in a manner, if compared with the Glories of the Soul; and those ineffable Honours she shall be clothed withal in the Day of her Bliss: For such is the Excellency of the Soul, that the same alone is capable of the Divine Nature, as St. Bernard saith, *Et licet cateris omnibus occupari potest, impleri tamen non potest; quia capax Dei est, & quicquid Deo minus est, non eam ad implebit;* and though it may busie it self with all other Things, yet it cannot be satisfied with any Thing; because it is capable of the Godhead, and whatever is less than God can never fill the

the Soul of Man, which doth always seek to mount up *super altitudines Terra*, above all Earthly Things, & *habere originem suam*, and to be always contemplating of her chiefeſt Blisſ, and to enjoy the Fruition of the chiefeſt Good: Yea, it is the Society of holy Angels, and bleſſed Saints, the ſweet communion with its deareſt Spouſe, the ſhining Body of the Son of God, the beatifical Fruition of the Deity it ſelf, the depth of Eternity, and the like everlaſting Fountains of Spiritual Ravishment and Joy, which only can feed and fill the reſtleſs and infinite Appetite of that Immortal Thing with fulneſs of Contentment. Indeed it cannot be expreſſed how great the Extasies of her Joys muſt be, when ſhe ſhall not only be raviſhed with Contentments of her glorious Condition for the preſent, but reſt likewiſe ſecur'd of their Eternity, that, without leſſening or decay, but rather with increaſe, they ſhall endure for ever.

ever. Therefore St. Augustine saith,

*Aug. Ut cita-
tur in gem.
Predicant.*

*O anima mea, insignata
Dei imagine, desponsata
fide, dotata Spiritu, dilige
eum à quo tantum dilecta*

es, & quare quarentem te; O my Soul, formed after Gods Image, espoused to him by Faith, and endued with his Spirit; Love him that so much Loved thee, and seek him that doth so earnestly seek for thee.

Yet further our Soul, to teach us its Immortality, doth wonderful Works, which fear not the Sythe of Time, the Wheel of Inconstancy, nor the power of Death; it out-lives Stones, Mettals, Egyptian Pyramids, and the Worlds Seven Won-

*Modus operandi
sequitur modum
essendi.*

ders. It diggeth into all the Treasures and Magazines of Nature, and descendeth into the deep Caverns of the Earth, there to meditate on the Mettals. It floateth on the Sea, and reckoneth the veins of the Abyss; it keeps a Register of

of so many Birds and Fishes, so many Terrestrial Creatures, so many Worms and Serpents, and so many Herbs and Plants. All this great frame of Nature passeth through its consideration, from the Cedars of *Libanus*, to the Hyssop.

It also mounteth above the tracts of the Sun, scoreth out the course of the Heavens, and the periods of the Stars. It deciphereth Eclipses to an instant, and foregoeth by understanding those great Celestial Bodies whose Motions are more swift than Wind or Thunder.

Radix intellectualitatis est immaterialitas. Avicenna apud Capreol.

It createth Sciences, inventeth Arts, and findeth out an infinite number of devices. It governeth the great Bodies of Kingdoms and Commonwealths with passages of incomparable prudence.

In the mean time, she beholdeth about her self an infinite number of Dogs that Bark at her Happinesse, and endeavour to bite her on every side.

side. Love fooleth her, Ambition turmoileth her, Avarice rusteth her, and Lust inflameth her; vain Hopes sooth her, Pleasures melt her, Despair over-bears her, and Choler burns her; Hatred filleth her with Gall, Envy gnaweth her, Jealousie pricketh her, and Revenge enrageth her; Cruelty maketh her Savage, Fear frosteth her, and Sorrow consumes her. This poor Soul shut up in the Body as a Bird of Paradise in a Cage, is altogether amazed to see her self assailed by all this mutinous multitude; and though she have a Scepter in her Hand to rule, she notwithstanding oft suffereth her self to be deceived, ravished, and dragged along into a miserable servitude.

And yet for all the cruel Passions, which thus Tyrannize over this Noble Nature; it is as impossible the light of the Sun should become Night, and Fire Ice, as the Soul of Man, which is the source of Life and
Un-

Understanding, should be subject to Death.

This truth of the immortality of the Soul is acknowledged and confessed by all sorts of Nations: It is the belief of *Hebrews, Caldeans, Persians, Medes, Babylonians, Egyptians, Arabians, Ethiopians, Scythians, Grecians, ancient Gauls, Romans;* and that which is most admirable, after one hath roamed over *Europe, Africk and Asia*, let him enter into the New Worlds, which Nature hath divided from us by so mighty a Mass of Seas, Rocks, and Monsters, he findeth the Faith of the Souls Immortality began there so soon as Men. From whence comes this consent so Great, so Universal, so Authentical, in a thing so Sublime, so alienated from Sense, but from the Spirit of God? And therefore, *Scimus nec vana fides est, solutas membris animas habere sensum, & in originem suam spiritum redire caelestem;*

caelestem; We know, and our Faith is not in vain, that Souls discharged from Bodies have understanding, and that the Spirit, which is Celestial returneth to its Original.

Moreover, All the most eminent Philosophers, following the bright Splendor of Natural Light, have agreed, in this truth of the Immortality of the Soul; as *Mercurie Trismegistus*, *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Xenocrates*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, *Maximus Tyriensis*, *Jamblycus*, *Themistius*, *Epictetus*, and *Cicero*, as may be seen in so many excellent Treatises, in which, if something repugnant to our Doctrine may be discovered, it is to be understood of the sensitive and negetative Soul; not the reasonable and intelligent, which these Authors ever set aside, as being Celestial and Divine.

Never was there any Man (saith *Plotinus*) of good Understanding amongst

mongst so many Writers, who strove not for the Immortality of the Soul.

But if any one among them hath impugned it, even in the darkness of Gentilism, it hath been observed, there ever was some disorder and impurity in his life, which

Malunt enim extinguere penitus, quam ad supplicia reservari.

made him controvert his opinion to divert the apprehension of Punishments due to his Crimes.

Thales Miletius, a most ancient Philosopher, defined the Soul to be φύσις ἀεικίνητος ἢ αὐτοκίνητος; a Nature always permanent, and by it self moveable; and *Cicero* saith;

Cicero de Senect.

Sic mihi persuasi, sic sentio, cum tanta sit celeritas animorum, memoria præteritorum, providentia futurorum, tot artes, tot scientiæ tot inventa, non posse eam naturam, quæ res ipsas contineat, esse mortalem; So I have perswaded my self, and so I think, that seeing the celerity or swiftness of the Souls of Men is such,
and

and so great in the Memory of things
past, and in the providence and fore-
sight of things to come,
Vide Colerum de animarum im- mortalitate. and so many Arts, Sci-
ences and Inventions are

found out thereby; the same Nature
which containeth all these things, can-
not possibly be mortal: And there-
fore by the very Heathens, there is
ascribed to the Soul of Man both
vis & maximus honos, the greatest pow-

er, and the greatest Hon-
our; and the Prince of
Nancel. de im- mortalit. anima. P. 95.

Philosophers telleth us,
it is *ἰσχυρὸν καὶ ἐργασίον*, an infusion Cele-
stial, and no Natural Traduction.

*Ὅτι ψυχὴ, πῦρ διὰ μέγεθος πατρὸς ἔστι ἀφανιδύ-
ῃ ἀθάνατος πρὸς μὲν καὶ ζωὴς διαποτίσκειν.*

Because the Soul, seeing it is a
bright fire of the Father, (as *Zoro-
astes* calleth it) doth but remain Im-
mortal, and is the Lady of Life.

This Truth therefore of the Immor-
tality of the Soul, I think no Man
will

will deny but he that is as ready to deny that there is a God; *Acts* 17. 28. seeing also as *Aratus* saith, *αὐτὸς ὁ θεὸς ἡμεῶν*, we are his Off-spring; and *Plato* in his *Timæus*, saith, *anima immortalis est, & secundum quod vicerit Passiones, vel victa fuerit, premiabitur vel punietur post hanc vitam*; the Soul of Man is Immortal, and as it vanquisheth the Passion of the Body, or is thereby vanquished, so it shall be rewarded or punished, after this Life.

As for prophane Atheists which deny the Immortality of the Soul; Put them a little upon the proof of their opinion, and let them consider the reasons of *Plinie*, *Lucretius*, *Panecus*, and *Soranus*, they are not Men who speak, but Hogs that Grunt. They tell you, the Soul is not seen as its passage out of the Body, as if the Corporeal Eye which discerneth not the Winds, were made to see a Soul Spiritual. They curiously enquire where so many separated Souls may

may abide, as if Hell were not big enough to contain all the Atheists.

Faith teacheth us, it is a substance created of nothing by the Word of

Si credit, immortalis est ad vitam: si non credit, immortalis est ad poenam. Aug. de Symb. ad Catechum. n. 3. c. 3. the Almighty, reasonable, intellectual, spiritual, always lively and active, so capable that nothing but God can replenish it. He that

will know more than the Eternal Wisdom hath revealed, and will not believe it Immortal for his Glory, shall feel it Immortal by the Eternity of punishment saith St. *Augustine*.

To conclude, let us regard this Victorious Spirit, which hath escaped the Chains of Times, and Laws of Death. Let us not betray its Honour, wither up its Glory, nor deface the Character which God hath given it: But let us prepare it for the great Day of God, which must make the separation of a part so Divine from these Mortal Members, that at last we

we may enter into those precious
Temples of Eternal Splendours, where
our Being never shall have end, our
Knowledge admit Ignorance, nor
Love suffer Change.

Αἴμα τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐνψύουσιν.

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